The Outlook

NOVEMBER 8, 1922

THIS WAS THE LAST EDITORIAL THAT CAME FROM LYMAN ABBOTT'S PEN—IT WAS WRITTEN ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH

HEGEL, the philosopher, in his "Philosophy of History" says: "God governs the world; the actual working of his government and the carrying out of his plan is the history of the world."

This is my profound religious faith, and I hold that all good men and true should make it their life-work to contribute what they can to carrying out that plan; to making the community in which they dwell more governed by the principle of justice, more pervaded by the spirit of mercy, generosity, and good will, and more guided by reverence and humility. When I became Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, more than forty years ago, I determined to introduce into it a history of current questions; to make it contain an interpretative history week by week of the world's life. In this history I intended to interpret every question by its effect on the betterment of the community—by its contribution to justice, mercy, and loyalty. The effect of any proposed policy on any party (Democratic, Republican, Progressive, or Prohibition) or on any church (Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, or agnostic) I proposed to ignore. Conventional standards were dropped out of sight. The only standards I proposed to pay any attention to were the eternal standards of Micah's definition of religion: "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Governed in all our editorial policy by this basic purpose—the endeavor to state impartially and interpret truthfully the fundamental principles necessary for the welfare of the community—we have also been governed by some other principles which I might call constitutional, though never formulated or written.

We have tried not to judge the motives of public men, but only their actions.

We have aimed always to be impartial, but never neutral.

When convinced that we have unintentionally done injustice to any man by a misrepresentation, we make the correction as prominent as the mistake.

We have always made our utmost endeavor with the resources at our command to give our readers an accurate account of the tangled controversies which we have frequently had to report, including the strongest statements we could obtain of the policies opposed to our views.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRIBUTES TO LYMAN ABBOTT FROM HIS EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES

MY FATHER

SEVEN years ago, when he was eighty years old, my father wrote his autobiography, most of which appeared at the time in The Outlook and will be found in a volume entitled "Reminiscences," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston. It contains the main facts of his life.

He was born on the 18th of December, 1835, in Roxbury, Massachusetts. His father was Jacob Abbott, a teacher, preacher, and author, who was best known in his time as the author of the "Rollo Books." His mother died when he was eight years old. For that reason, perhaps, he was thrown upon his own resources—at least his own intellectual resources—when he was still a boy, although he says in his autobiography that, "while motherless, he was not homeless." He entered New York University as a freshman when he was not quite fourteen, and was graduated with the degree of B.A. in the class of 1853, when he was not quite eighteen. This was not because he was especially precocious, but probably because seventy years ago the intellectual demands of the colleges were not what they are to-day. He studied law; was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one; joined his two older brothers in the practice of law; and in his reminiscences relates two rather interesting cases which the firm conducted in behalf of the New York "Times," cases in which he had a not unimportant part.

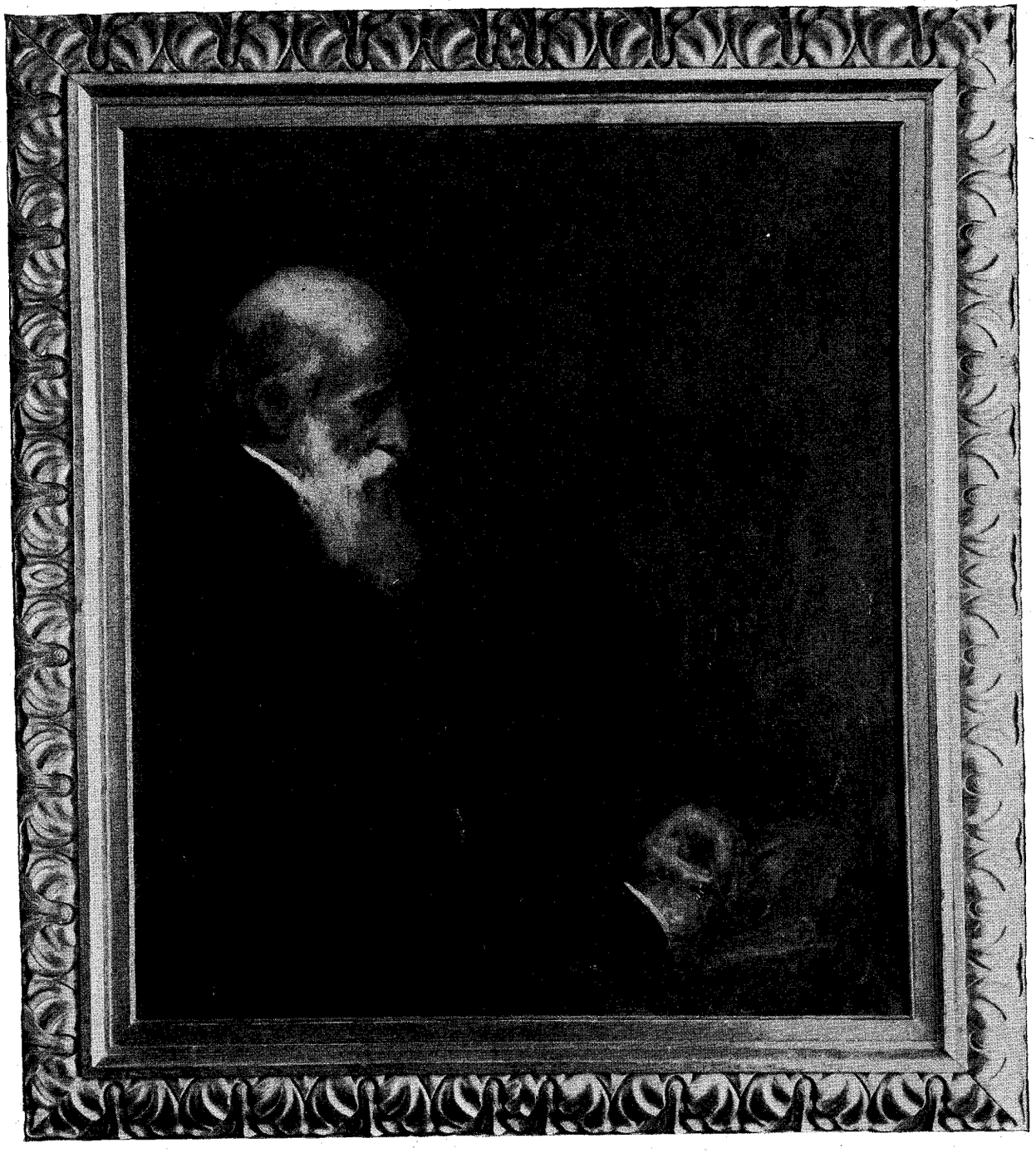
An irresistible impulse, or a sense of duty to his fellow-men, or a longing to help them, or a call of the spirit—he never defined the moving cause himself—led him to give up the law and go into the ministry. He was ordained a Congregational minister at twenty-five, and his first pastorate was in Terre Haute, Indiana, where he lived and preached during the Civil War. Returning to New York in 1865, he became a minister of a modest little church in this city. After four years in this pastorate, he moved to Cornwall-on-Hudson in 1869 and established there what has been the family homestead ever since. His vocation then became that of a writer and editor, although his avocation was preaching every Sunday in a Presbyterian church of his community.

In 1888 he was called to succeed Henry Ward Beecher as minister of Plymouth Church, and filled that position for eleven years. At the same time he was Editor-in-Chief of the "Christian Union," the name of which was later changed to The Outlook. He assumed this editorial position in 1876, and has therefore been the guiding spirit and Editor-in-Chief of this journal for forty-six years. He surrounded himself with editorial associates who were always glad to relieve him of the details of administration, so that he was free to preach or to speak in public. In this, what may, perhaps, be called the oratorical side of his work, I think his greatest satisfaction was in preaching and talking to young men and young women in American schools and colleges. One of these college parishioners of his, who is now a distinguished clergyman in this city, told me recently that he roughly estimated that in this school and college preaching my father must have talked to two or three hundred thousand different individual students.

His "Reminiscences" not only fill in the foregoing outline of his activities, but the volume contains a kind of valedictory; I shall quote it:

> In one respect my life has succeeded beyond the dreams of my youth. I have never cared for money; perhaps if I had cared more my wife would have had an easier time, but I doubt whether we should have been happier. Nor for reputation; therefore the attacks made upon me and the misreports and misrepresentations to which I have been subjected have never much troubled me. They have had a value. One can learn his faults better from his critics than from his friends, because his critics are more frank. Nor for power; I like to influence, but not to command. But I have desired friends; and it sometimes seems to me that no man ever had more friends than I have. I am often stopped on the street by a stranger who thanks me for some word of counsel or inspiration received; and scarcely a week goes by that I do not receive a letter of grateful appreciation from some unknown friend whom I never shall see, and who, perhaps, has never seen me.
>
> I have other invisible friends who people my quiet home with their companionship. I believe that death and resurrection are synonymous, that death is the dropping of the body from the spirit, that resurrection is the upspringing of the spirit from the body; and I think of my friends and companions, not as lying in the grave waiting for a future resurrection, nor as living in some distant land singing hymns in loveless forgetfulness of those they loved on earth. I think of them as a great cloud of witnesses looking on to see how we run the race that is set before us, grieved in our failures, glad in our triumphs. I think of my mother rejoicing in the joys of the boy whom she was not permitted to care for on earth; of my father still counseling me by his unspoken wisdom in my times of perplexity; of my wife giving me rest and reinvigoration by her love. So I am never lonely when I am alone; rarely restless when I am sleepless.
>
> I believe that I have learned one secret of happiness; it is a habit easier to describe than to adopt.
>
> We live in the past and in the future. The present is only a threshold over which we cross in going from the past into the future. We live, therefore, in our memory and in our anticipation. He who forms the habit of forgetting the unpleasant and remembering the pleasant lives in a happy past; he who forms the habit of anticipating the pleasant and striking out from his anticipation the unpleasant lives in a happy future. I have no wish to live in a fool's paradise; but it is no better to live in a fool's purgatory. I therefore allow myself to anticipate evil only that I may avoid it if it is avoidable or, if it is unavoidable, may meet it with wisdom and courage. I recall past errors, follies, and faults in order that I may learn their lesson and avoid their repetition. Then I forget them. The prophet tells me that my Father buries my sins in the depths of the sea. I have no inclination to fish them up again and take an inventory. I gladly dismiss from my memory what he no more remembers against me forever. Thus my religion is to me, not a servitude, but an emancipation; not a self-torment because of past sins, but a divinely given joy because of present forgiveness.
>
> It is almost impossible to write freely of the experiences of one's heart to a throng of unknown readers. It is easier to portray them to an intimate friend. For this reason I transfer to these pages a few sentences which I wrote to my wife from Terre Haute during her absence in the East in the summer of 1863:
>
> "Ought we to go always through life condemned of ourselves and thinking and feeling that God must condemn us? Is this a necessity? Is it not possible so to live that our own conscience approves us, and we have the happiness of feeling that we have the approval of God and of our own hearts? It *is* possible. Is it not practicable? Was it not Paul's experience? . . . It is true that we ought never to be satisfied with ourselves—that our ideal of holiness ought always to outrun our attainments; that we ought always to desire something more and better. But we may be self-approved and not self-satisfied. We may be dissatisfied and yet not self-condemned."
>
> It is thus at eighty years of age that I look back upon the years that have passed since I imbibed some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A PORTRAIT OF DR. ABBOTT IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR, PAINTED BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing of the spirit of faith and hope and love in my grandfather's home at Farmington. I am far from satisfied with this review; but I am not self-condemned. I say to my Father, as I say to myself, I have often been defeated, but I have fought a good fight; I have often faltered and fallen, but I have kept up the race; I have been besieged all my life with doubts, and they still sometimes hammer at the gates, but I have kept my faith.

And I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I have stood in the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, and the ropes are cast off and I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and still looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.

No man, I suppose, can know another man so intimately, so through and through, so undraped and uncurtained, as a son knows his father—especially when the relationship has been not only filial, but that of partnership. Thirty-one years ago last April I became President of the Outlook Company, and during those thirty-one years my father always treated me as his superior in business affairs, and as his equal editorially—never as an inferior or a subordinate. I don't mean that he consciously treated me so; I think it was just a perfectly simple and natural attitude of which he never more consciously thought than he would have thought when he came downstairs in the morning, "Now I must say 'Good-morning' to my children cheerfully." Of course I was *not* his superior in business, for he was a very wise man, of sound judgment, grasping and acting upon the essential principles of economic human relationship. (As one of my cousins has said to me since his death, "His goodness subtracted nothing from his wisdom; neither did his wisdom subtract anything from his goodness.") And I *was* his inferior editorially. But as I look back I am not conscious that I ever felt that I was not his equal; in fact, I never thought anything about it, and he never thought anything about it.

He wanted to be, and he really and essentially was, a preacher of the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, but he was this without ecclesiasticism, or ministerialism, or professionalism, or even emotionalism. He loved deeply, and he was deeply loved; but he was as free from sentimentality or gushes of feeling as anybody I have ever known. In our family circle, and in the circle of intimate friends and connections that surrounded the family, I have seen him over and over again during a period of fifty years conduct the celebrations of marriage and of christening and administer the last rites of death, but I don't recall that I ever heard his voice falter or ever saw a tear glisten in his eye. I think this was because his feelings were so deep and so established on a rock, and therefore so serene and unshaken, that they did not affect his body.

He was a delightful companion—in the earlier years in the pastimes and excursions, and even some of the sports of outdoor life. For example, he taught his four boys how to swim and was a good swimmer himself. In his later life, up to the very last, I would rather sit *vis-à-vis* with him at the luncheon table than with any man I know—not as son lunching with a father, but as a club companion lunching with a chosen club companion. He was interested in the whole of life, and in every wholesome expression of life, from the "Three Musketeers" of Dumas to William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." He says somewhere that as a boy and a young man he had an ungovernable temper. Perhaps he had—no, I won't say "perhaps," because I think he never made a statement of fact of which he was not sure. But in fifty years I never saw any display of temper, and I never knew him to say a mean or rankling or biting thing in controversy about anybody. He had vigor and decision and could denounce, but he never indulged in pin-pricks or in sarcasm for the sake of provoking an opponent in a contest. This used to seem to me remarkable, because I think the temptation of most men in controversy—it is mine, I know—is to say something that will get "under the skin" of their antagonists, much as a toreador in a bull-fight throws the barbed darts or *banderillas* into the skin of the bull in order to provoke him to rush upon his own destruction.

Even those who, like my father, believe that death is only an incident of a much greater, more glorious, and more permanent or immortal experience, which we call life, cannot with all their philosophy and all their faith escape the wrench of personal parting. Nevertheless as I write these lines I find that my own feelings are expressed better than I could have expressed them myself in a note which I have just received from a friend, a man who has led an active life in the great world of industry and affairs: "I have just read the announcement of your father's passing, and my impulse is to send you a note of congratulation on your heritage, rather than sympathy for your loss. I cannot feel that what we miscall the ending of such a life should be the subject of mourning."

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

MY FATHER'S PURPOSE

IN a letter, now yellow with age, there can still be read in the faded ink the expression of some doubt whether a certain motherless little boy could ever be raised to manhood. His body was frail; but something in his mind and soul made it serve him for nearly eighty-seven years. It was only when he found that body failing at the end that, turning to one of his children and quoting Holmes, he confessed, "The old coat is worn out."

When I was still a small boy, he was a grown man approaching middle age. Even then he seemed frail to my boyish eyes. He not only was not athletic; he seemed to me physically weak. And yet, as I look back upon those days, I see that he was doing an extraordinary amount of work requiring frequent draughts upon his reservoirs of nervous and muscular vitality. By his habit of saving his time, by making sure of sufficient sleep—he had trained himself to be able to drop into a nap at any time and under any circumstances—by carefulness in selecting his physicians and following their directions, and by regular recreation in preparation for work, he kept those reservoirs replenished.

This care of his unathletic body was essentially that of a good athlete. It was not for his body's sake; it was for a purpose which he was determined his body should serve. He was in this respect a man's man. As a youth he envied in Beecher the abounding physique that was the opposite of his own; and as an old man he admired in Roosevelt the robustness which he himself lacked. He had, however, in common with each this athletic and masculine point of view that regards the body as a means to the attainment of an end through struggle.

To that end he directed not only his body but his mind, and not only his mind but his spirit. He has been called a scholar and a mystic. He had in his brain the scholar's equipment and in his faith the mystic's inner light; but I do not think he had either the scholar's or the mystic's purpose. In knowledge, which the scholar seeks for its own sake, and in faith, which the mystic desires as a source of the highest enjoyment, my father found not ends in themselves but means to the attainment of his object.

The adoption of this purpose in life was, I think, a matter of growth. At first it was a vague desire to be like the people he most admired. Then he found that these people all had the same ideal, and he adopted that ideal as his. As pictured to his mind it was the ideal of "a Man who had courage and yet forbearance, authority and yet infinite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meekness, a Man who never flinched when courage was required and never asserted himself simply to defend himself, who gave himself to a life of service and sacrifice and died not for the sake of those who loved him, but for those who hated him." As yet, however, his purpose in life was not formed. That was to come, not as a vague desire, not as a high emotional impulse, but as the result of study and thought. He was not content with his general and apparently unattainable ideal as an object. He sought something concrete, definite, practical; and by the time he was twenty-five he found it. From that time on he made it his single aim. He had discovered for himself that in the sayings, the deeds, and the character of the Man whom he had set before himself as his ideal there were embodied certain principles or laws of life. He believed that the observance of these principles, that action in accordance with these laws, would solve every moral problem. So he set himself to study to know those principles or laws, and then in them for every question of conduct, whether individual or social, to find an answer.

In this way he made for himself an object of life that was practically attainable. The ideal which he still held to for himself and for the world might be far off; but the process of molding his life and helping to mold the life of the world about him in accord with the principles embodied in that ideal was something that he could engage in day by day, week by week, year by year. If success consists in the accomplishment of one's aim, my father's life was successful; for he had chosen an aim that could be reached and yet remain as an object of new endeavor. In substance, it was the same when he was eighty-six years old as when he was twenty-five; but in form it was as varied as the world in which he lived and as changing as history; and, being new with every new problem, it filled his life with interest and kept him youthful.

The world which he saw during his lifetime was indeed a changing world. It began for him as a world in which railways were still new and stage-coaches not yet unknown; it ended for him as a world of the airplane and the radio. In no other epoch of the world's history has any one man's lifetime encompassed such changes in the outward aspects of life. Much that was familiar to him in his age would have seemed to him as a child incredible magic; yet I never heard him talk very much about this wonderful transformation. What impressed him was the change, far more wonderful and interesting to him, in the moral and social experience and ideas of men. He was born into a country which accepted and maintained slavery; he saw the slaves set free. He was born into a country still divided against itself; he lived to see the Nation made one and indivisible. He saw the rise of industrialism and the formation of powerful corporations and powerful labor unions involving new problems of industrial justice hardly less serious than slavery itself. He saw great changes in education and in religious thinking. He saw new movements for international amity progressing until overturned by the most destructive of wars. After victory he saw new problems emerging. These and the like, rather than the necromancies of science and invention, were the changes in the world which impressed him, because they concerned those principles of life which it was his single object to study and apply. It was these principles that made him an advocate of liberty and union during the period of the Civil War and after. It was these principles that led him to urge for the ills of industrialism what he was the first to call Industrial Democracy. It was these principles that drew him to the schools and colleges of the land as a guide and counselor to students in the midst of a revolution in scientific and religious thought. It was these principles that gave him leadership in the cause of international justice alike in time of peace and time of war. It was these principles which in his latter days, when men have talked of a dissolving civilization, kept his mind clear and his spirit serene.

How he endeavored to apply the principles he found in the teachings, life, and character of Jesus to these social problems he recorded in his writing; but he did more than write about those principles. He had made them so much a part of himself that they governed him in all that he did.

I cannot remember his ever exhorting me or any of my brothers or sisters. It was enough for him to live with his children. Just before I was born he had moved to Cornwall-on-Hudson, where his home was to remain for the rest of his life, and where three of his children and five of his grandchildren were to be born. Here under the shadow of Storm King, on the edge of the Highlands of the Hudson, his children—in particular, the younger children—came to know him as I think few children know their father. Scarcely a week in the summer went by when my younger brother and I did not go two or three times with him for a swim in the river. Unathletic as he was, he taught us to be at home on or in the water. He took us camping with him on the borders of a lake in the near-by mountains. He went horseback riding with us over the roads of Orange County. He was as companionable to us as any boy of our own age could be; he was as companionable to us as to men of his own age. One of his books which describes the way he thinks of God he entitled "The Great Companion;" but long before he put that book into words he had written it in characters of life in his children's experiences. There was a sort of equality in his companionship which was never lacking whomever he was with. Of course it could not be equality of age or experience or ability or authority. It was the sense of the recognition on his part that each of us had the right to his own individuality, to the expression of his own will, to the development of his own power. This feeling of equality which, I think, all his children had in his company did not interfere with their implicit recognition of his authority. Neither the brother who was my special comrade nor I can remember ever deliberately disobeying him, and when recently I asked my brother why we never disobeyed, he gave the only answer that I could give, "We never thought of it." Perhaps it was because we could not imagine him violating authority himself. In later life, when that same brother became a physician, my father not only accepted his medical advice implicitly, but, as few fathers could do, regarded his youngest son's instructions as commands to be obeyed.

I have deliberately disobeyed other authority, but not my father. I dare say I disobeyed him often thoughtlessly, but never with the intent of violating his will. I think that is due to the fact that his authority was never a form of self-will. He never insisted on our obeying a command merely because the command was his. It never seemed to be a command to go and do, but always a command to come and follow. This made the exercise of his authority perfectly compatible with my father's habit of reasoning with his children, his encouragement of co-operation, his readiness to trust his children with responsibility, his spirit of liberty. This adjustment between authority and liberty became habitual in all his relations. The sharpest debates in which I have ever engaged have been those about the dinner table in my father's house or those in which I have engaged with my father when he and I were together alone. In 1893, upon my graduation from college, he took me on a trip to England and Scotland. That was the time of the controversy over Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and no discussion in Parliament was more acute, though on certainly one occasion I think it was less parliamentary, than the arguments we had with each other on that sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C)

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF DR. ABBOTT, MAY 17, 1922, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONFERRING ON HIM OF THE DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, AT THE HANDS OF M. GASTON LIÉBERT, THE FRENCH CONSUL-GENERAL, IN THE OUTLOOK EDITORIAL ROOMS

The photograph was taken with a pocket camera by a member of The Outlook's staff—H. H. Moore—who had served on the paper continuously with Dr. Abbott from the time when he became Editor-in-Chief

ject as we traveled. He was always ready, in fact, eager, to get my point of view; if he failed to get it, I felt that I was not clear about it in my own mind or that I was awkward in trying to express it. He enjoyed setting his mind to wrestle with another's; but I am not sure that he enjoyed the debate itself so much as the experience of finding it a means of reaching new aspects of the truth. It was with this consciousness of equality that I think he invariably faced an audience, and he invariably welcomed the proper opportunity to hear from his audience as well as to speak to them. To stand before hundreds of people, receive the fire of their questions, and to throw back his answers was to make companions of his hearers. He always preferred the method of co-operation over the method of authority whenever there was any fair choice between the two. Naturally, this spirit of exercising authority by means of co-operation, this habit of the practice of liberty and reason, which he believed in as a principle to be applied to all social questions and which he observed with relation to his children, marked his conduct of The Outlook. At the regular weekly editorial conference he used to preside, but not direct. What he called sometimes brotherhood, sometimes democracy, sometimes co-operation, was the governing spirit whenever he occupied the chair at the head of the table. On every important question before the conference he desired and usually asked specifically for the opinion of each editor in attendance; and the resulting editorial, even when he wrote it himself, was, so far as he could make it, the considered judgment of the whole staff. He was wont to say that democracy was no more the control of the minority by the majority than it was the control of the majority by the minority, but was rather the composite judgment of many minds, which was different from the judgment of any one or any group of the many. He never shunned the responsibility which his office as Editor-in-Chief placed upon him, but he conceived it chiefly as the responsibility for the choice of his associates. Having chosen to serve with them and over them, he trusted them with his reputation and, what was even more precious to him, The Outlook's influence. No exercise of authority in particular instances could begin to have the sobering effect of such a course. It was characteristic of this attitude of his that at the time when the country was on the verge of war with Germany he should write to me a letter which concluded with this sentence:

> It is a great relief to me to feel no *responsibility* for the editorial utterance at such a time and throw it all off on my sons.

Having this respect for others, he made it his rule, which he invariably observed, never to judge their motives. He judged their deeds. When those deeds showed lack of consideration for those he loved or injustice to the defenseless, his anger could flame. He never was angry with his children for anything they did to him, but I have seen his anger at heedlessness of mine which brought new burdens to my mother. And his anger was always the anger of good will, never ill will. His mercy was but another aspect of his sense of justice, as his justice was but an aspect of his mercy. When he himself was abused or misrepresented, he never replied. If reply was needed, he depended on others to make the correction, but he never undertook to defend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and preserve his own reputation. I have in my possession a letter which he wrote to me concerning an attack that a reader of The Outlook had made upon me for an opinion I had expressed. It was written in March of this year. My father wrote:

> All my life I have made my enemies serve me. For I have assumed that prejudice is often more keen than friendship, and that a hostile critic will often discover a fault which a friend or even a judicially-minded reader will fail to observe.

The natural product of such a life was poise, freedom from harassing worry, a peaceful mind. Anxiety not infrequently troubled him; but he never was anxious about the things which he could not help, and about the things that he could help he was anxious only concerning the rightness of his own judgment. And not even his anxiety was disturbing enough to shatter his sense of humor. He was more anxious, for instance, about the health of others than he was about his own. In the fall of 1919 he was anxious about me, as I can now see by re-reading his letters at the time, but he made his humor serve his concern, and he wrote to me the following letter:

Thanksgiving Day
1920

My dear Ernest:

Can't you get from the office away
For a day,
Or more
Say four:
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Then you'd be good for something Monday.
I've been told
And learned of old
That for a cold
The best
Cure is rest
Stay in bed
When your head
Feels like lead
And you cough
Fit to joggle it off.
Drop your work
Learn how to shirk
'Twill be no loss.
Your boss.

Is it any wonder that a man who can write of his anxiety for others in this way looked forward to his own departure from this world with placidity? All that he dreaded as old age advanced was the pain that might accompany the losing of his physical vitality. Among the papers that he left after his death is the following memorandum, which came into the possession of one of my sisters shortly after my father's eighty-fifth birthday:

Old Age. Some Reflections—Fragmentary.

As I grow older current themes interest me less, and I feel less capable of dealing with them. Partly because I cannot complete them; partly because the younger generation are more competent to *understand* them and to act concerning them.

My eighty years of experience shows me that we are progressing. If, for example, we could solve the slavery problem in 1860, we shall be able to solve the labor problem in 1920.

My greatest difficulty is to leave the current problems in the hands of the *rising generation and have faith in* them.

I study less, reflect more; retire more within myself. Gradually my hold on this life lessens, my anticipation of the future life grows more vital. Can I not say that my delights are fewer, my contentment greater; my pleasures fewer, my happiness, if not greater, at least more uniform? I used to take care of others; I am gradually learning to let others take care of me. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Even in his last few hours his fragmentary and sometimes scarcely audible conversations with his children were turned with pleasantries. He was thoughtful for those whom he was about to leave, but he was not looking back. As he had been throughout his life, he was still standing in the bow of the boat.

As I stood beside his bed and told him how much he had meant to his children and grandchildren, he smiled and said, in a voice that hesitated for weakness but not for any search for words:

"I want for them the object and purpose in life that I have had. 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' I have fought a good fight—though I have had defeats. I have finished my course—finished my course—though I have sometimes faltered and turned aside. And I have kept the faith—in spite of doubts and perplexities—such doubts and perplexities as every one must have who rests his faith on things that are invisible." ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

DR. ABBOTT AT WORK

PROBABLY the first time the name of Lyman Abbott became known to me was over forty years ago. I had read something about the synoptic Gospels, was ingenuously surprised to learn that there was such a discussion, and sent some question to the query column of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly." I was soon again surprised to find my inquiry honored by being taken as a text for a long editorial signed Lyman Abbott. What impressed me then was what later, when I came to work with and under Dr. Abbott, impressed me in all Dr. Abbott's writing, the clarity and simplicity of style and the fairness to those with whose views he did not agree. This was admirably expressed in an article about Dr. Abbott written many years ago for the "World's Work" by his associate Hamilton Mabie, when he said: "He is a born truth-lover and truth-seeker, with remarkable working power, remarkable faculty of assimilation, and a natural gift of clear, persuasive statement." And I particularly like a phrase used in this same article, "So engrossed is he in what lies before him that he carries no luggage of self-consciousness or self-satisfaction."

Few literary workers can accomplish more in a given time and make less fuss about it than could Dr. Abbott. When he was at his desk, he worked smoothly, steadily, and rapidly, without the slightest nervousness or sign of excitement. I have heard many stenographers say that he was the best possible giver of dictation because he did not hurry nor hesitate. When one looks at the long list of books he wrote and recalls the vast number of editorials, reviews, addresses, and sermons he prepared, one might suppose him a slave of work. Not a bit of it; he was a slave to nothing. He was an incomparable manager of his time and effort. He once said that in his work he had two governing principles: "First, not to do anything himself which he could get any one else to do; second, to take his rest as a preparation to his work, and not as a restorative after it." The first clause must be taken semi-playfully, though he certainly did know how to utilize assistance; the second is eminently characteristic.

Serenity, tranquility, courtesy, fair-mindedness—those were the qualities that have impressed me during the thirty-five years and more I have watched Dr. Abbott at work and heard him discussing public questions and policies in editorial conferences. I never—never once—knew him to lose his temper, and I doubt very much whether any one else did. Indignation at things that were wrong, disapproval of measures *injurious to the country, he had,* but personal antagonism or hatred of individuals was not in his nature. Twice I have heard him say, in effect, "Do not let that man's name ever appear in the paper," but in both cases the man was guilty of personal moral delinquency against home and family, and was at the *same time posing as a leader or teacher.*

Many people have called Lyman Abbott a prophet. It would be an interesting study to compare his early utterances with the actual advance of the world toward liberalism in religion, industrial relations, and political progressiveness, and to see how closely his quiet, intellectual exposition of truth and justice long ago hit marks since reached and passed. Thus he was one of the first to use the phrase "industrial democ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy," the growth of religious tolerance was more than foreshadowed in his editorials fifty years ago, and he recognized the broad import of evolution in all branches of life and human endeavor, when the word was almost "taboo" among the conservatives.

In speech and in writing Dr. Abbott was the more convincing because he never "showed off," as the boys say. It has always been most refreshing in editorial conferences when a subject has aroused proponents and anti-ponents, to hear from Dr. Abbott a clear-voiced summing up of both sides, untouched by partisan feeling, with a final opinion perhaps beginning, "Now, as I see it, the real *principle* involved is," thus and so. That was why an observant Canadian writer in the "Welland Tribune and Telegraph" in an editorial about Dr. Abbott pays The Outlook the very great compliment of saying: "As a fighter it has been brave and fearless, but in its pages we have never seen a line that was harsh or bitter." That assuredly describes Dr. Abbott's spirit, and the writer truly adds: "As a preacher Dr. Abbott dwelt so much on love that he had no room for hell-fire, and his editorial policy was fashioned after his theology." Moreover, his hopefulness was always based on reason. A writer in the Portland "Oregonian" says: "Dr. Abbott was not only always an optimist, but he was convincing and not fatuous in his optimism because he was able to put his finger on the reason for his faith in the capacity of his fellow men to solve their own problems."

No one knew Dr. Abbott, whether at work or at play—and he loved both—without finding out sooner or later how much of himself he gave to others in kindliness, helpfulness, and friendly remembrance. While he ordered his time and did not allow bores and faddists to impose indefinitely upon him, he never fobbed off coldly those who really wanted advice and sympathy. If the members of the several staffs of Outlook workers should compare notes, I know that there would be an astonishing number of cases where men and women have received spontaneous and voluntary letters of recognition of service or of sympathy in personal trouble, carefully handwritten in Dr. Abbott's best chirography—he used to say that he had three handwritings—one that everybody could read, one that the printers could read, and one that no one could read but himself.

Among ourselves here at the office, we often speak of The Outlook family—sometimes meaning the large body of readers who sympathize with the paper's ideas and have a home-feeling for it, sometimes meaning the group of workers who help carry on its journalistic life. In either sense the "family" has looked to Lyman Abbott as its father, guide, and teacher. I believe that his influence is an abiding one.

ROBERT D. TOWNSEND.

AS A BOY KNEW HIM

LYMAN ABBOTT was almost as much a part of the world of my childhood as my own father and mother. The devoted friend and loyal associate of my grandfather, Lawson Valentine, he belonged as unquestionably in our family circle as those who owed place there to birth. He was an accepted fact, like the coming of morning and the warmth of the sun.

My memory of Lyman Abbott covers the last thirty years of his life. As I look back, it is not a memory of particular events, but rather a gradually growing comprehension of his towering spirit. I do not mean that I understand or can define that spirit. Even the astronomer who talks of light years cannot reach out and grasp the distant stars.

In that memory there are some things, however, which I should like to share with Lyman Abbott's friends. Placed before those who have listened to his voice for many years, perhaps they will not seem too intimate and personal for the printed page.

A child's life is like a spring welling up in a rolling plain. No power on heaven or earth can make the water of that spring flow otherwise than in accord with its inherent nature. In its course it must follow the laws of its being, but that course may be changed and deflected by the guidance of those who know the ways of wandering streams.

Thirty years ago I went with my father and mother to Lyman Abbott's Brooklyn home. There was, if I remember correctly, a service at Plymouth Church, a family dinner, and then an afternoon of friendly talk. Perhaps there was not much for a child to do; perhaps I manifested that restlessness not unknown to children of half a dozen years. I do not know. I only remember that Lyman Abbott left the circle of grown-ups, reached down to me, and said: "I am going for a walk. Would you like to go with me?" He took my hand in his and we went out on the street together. Down from Brooklyn Heights we walked and across to Brooklyn Bridge, spanning the East River with its tendrils of steel. I remember that when we came to a certain place on the Bridge he took a pin from his coat, stooped over, and thrust it into the roadway. When we returned to the spot, perhaps half an hour later, the change in temperature had so worked upon the steel structure that the expansion plates had pushed the tiny pin aside. It was a direct demonstration of natural forces—a demonstration which Lyman Abbott explained to me in words which even my child's brain could understand. He did not talk down to me, he merely employed the method of explanation which he used all his life to give to others the fruit of his reason.

Out of the thousand things that must have touched me that year this only remains in my memory. It remains perhaps because it marked a turning-point in the development of my mind, the awakening of a new and eager curiosity concerning the world of which I was a part. It was a simple thing for Lyman Abbott to do, simple and natural. Probably he never thought of it again or dreamed for a minute that it might have any more significance than any momentary kindness.

Eight years later I found myself at boarding-school. I was beginning to discover for myself something of the world of letters and to grope rather blindly, as children do, for a way to express the dreams whirling through my mind. Sketches and poems for the school paper appealed to me as eminently more worth while than books which were not of my choosing. I fed myself unbalanced rations of Fiske and Carlyle, reading "Sartor Resartus," I remember distinctly, under a canopy of bed-clothes by the aid of a prohibited electric light. Books and the inevitable melancholy of extreme youth were my closest companions.

One day I found an envelope in my mail. It contained a five-page handwritten letter from Lyman Abbott. That letter is still in my possession, and I quote from it here:

> I have just returned from a week's visit at Houghton Farm, where Mrs. Abbott and I had a capital time. I found in the Lodge some numbers of the Echo and having leisure read some of your contributions to it. . . . It seems to me that your writing gives promise of successful work in some form of literary career, and if you care for it, I would be glad to put the results of my experience at your disposal. I always hesitate to offer unasked advice, but perhaps if you felt inclined for it, an hour's talk with a friend might clarify your own ideas a little and that is the main thing. And I owe so much to your Grandfather that I should be very glad to feel that I had expressed my obligation by even a slight service to his grandson. All this is a long preliminary to asking you if you feel inclined to lunch with me at the Union League Club, at 39th Street and Fifth Avenue, on next Thursday, August

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> 25th. I will be there from 12:30 to 1:30. If you are not there by the latter hour I will conclude that you have too much on hand on your arrival after so long an absence and are not coming. You need not feel yourself called on to answer this. If you are at the club before 1:30 I will know you have accepted; if you are not there I will know you have declined.

Reading it now, I am moved to wonder how many men in Lyman Abbott's position would or could have written so sympathetically to a boy of fourteen. I can think of but one other—Theodore Roosevelt. I understood the kindness of the letter when it came and rushed to take advantage of its invitation. But the letter itself means more things to me to-day than it meant in the year when it was written.

I kept my appointment, and we sat together for an hour or more in the dining-room of the Union League Club. I think some of the passers-by must have wondered at the length of that talk between a schoolboy and Lyman Abbott.

He said little of the sketches which had called forth his letter. He said much of the work which remained then and still remains for me to do. He talked of the various fields of literature and journalism; of those who had succeeded therein, and of the education which I must secure before I could even hope to make a beginning. The harder the task which he pictured, the greater was the incentive which he gave. I have fulfilled few of the plans which he laid before me, but the memory of that hour of his companionship I shall never forget.

There have been times when it has been hard for me to accept all the implications and corollaries of the faith which moved his being, for no philosopher or leader has been able to explain to me the reason for some of the suffering and grief to which the human race is heir. If there remain to me certain doubts which were not doubts to Lyman Abbott, of one thing I know I am sure. The faith that was his flowered into a life which was the highest spiritual manifestation of our time. That is why those of us who knew him, labored with him, and loved him find that our sorrow at his passing is strangely akin to exaltation. HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

TRIBUTES FROM PAST ASSOCIATES

THE TORCH-BEARER

IN celebration of his seventieth birthday, Dr. Lyman Abbott's colleagues prepared for private circulation a miniature edition of The Outlook bearing the date of December 18, 1905. As editor-in-chief *pro tempore*, the Associate Editor, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, wrote as the leading editorial the following allegory based on an ancient Greek ceremonial. Though Dr. Abbott's name is not mentioned, it is he whom Mr. Mabie saw as the bearer of light. Now for the first time is published this affectionate tribute from an associate who, though younger, was the first to finish the race.—THE EDITORS.

SLENDER in figure, quick in action, swift in motion, they who saw him draw apart from the throng knew that he was one of those whom the gods send to bear the torch in the race, and to pass on the sacred fire. There was about him the air of one who already understood and accepted his destiny, and whose training had been accomplished before he entered the lists. Predestined by the fear and love of the gods which his fathers had felt and cherished for many generations, he bore the stamp of that ancestral piety which, reverently guarding the fire on many altars for generations, passes into the spirit of those who come after a certain clearness of vision, and into their blood a certain lustral cleanness. Upon such there lingers the purity of temples and mysterious impressions of meetings with the gods face to face in solitary places. He who comes to the race thus predestined comes with the sure vision, the buoyant energy, the swift feet, of those who are already trained and shaped for their part.

When such a runner appears in the line, there is always a torch ready to his hand, and the goal which another has reached becomes his starting-point. He takes his place so quietly among the runners that few are aware that another has entered the lists, and that the light, which has shone about the feet of men in the long dark years when the fathers were groping for the way, has been seized by one who will carry it swift and far into the surrounding darkness.

He cared little for possessions and less for praise; for there was but one thought in his mind and one passion in his heart—to run without ceasing, not only with the light but toward it; for the race is for the night only, and the torch-bearers know that they face the morning and are its forerunners. He gave up what other men prize that he might help them see where lie the real prizes and lead the way to them. There was no burst of applause, no casting of flowers in the way, no procession from the temple, when he took the light in his hand; the consecration was in his spirit, not in any form of ceremony. He was thinking neither of those who cheer nor of those who deride, but of the goal where faces now hidden by darkness gather in the light, and voices now silent welcome, not with shouts for the victor, but with joy in his running and the passing of the fire into the shadows that cover the years that are to come. So they crown not the runner but the race, and honor not the bearer but the torch; and they who have run well and faithfully are glad, for they too have found that the joy lies not in any greeting from another, but in driving back the night.

What doubts were his in the blackness of the valleys, what delight when the way ran along the edges of the hills and far off there was a faint prophecy of the dawn; what weariness was his when the road was strewn with stones that cut the feet and the air lay murky and oppressive about it, what sudden delight when it climbed the hill and the pressure of every step made him aware that he was ascending to the heights where the stars shine in unclouded splendor; what loneliness was his in places where no light glimmered through the gloom, what warmth of spirit when points of fire here and there brought the companionship of other runners—who shall know these things until the gods make all hidden things plain? And in that day when the light lies on the face of all things, who will remember the perils and hardships of the way by which he came to peace? The road is but a path to the temple, and when the smell of the garlands is in the air, and the song of praise floats above the worshipers, and the gods are no longer hidden afar, who will think how he came in the joy of the race run, and the light passed on, and the vision of the gods making the place radiant, not with hope, but with peace and rest?

LYMAN ABBOTT

A TRIBUTE BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN the same birthday issue of The Outlook in which Mr. Mabie's editorial, "The Torch-Bearer," first appeared, there was also printed the following letter from the President of the United States, who was to become, about two years later, Dr. Abbott's associate as Contributing Editor of The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook. We think it perhaps not inappropriate to print it here as though it came from one who at the time of writing was a member of The Outlook staff. —THE EDITORS.

The White House, Washington,
December 6, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Mabie:

Through you may I present the assurance of my profound regard to Dr. Abbott, and the heartiest congratulations to him on his seventieth birthday? Dr. Abbott is one of those men whose work and life give strength to all who believe in this country, and hearten them in the effort to strive after better things. He has known how to combine to a very unusual degree a series of qualities, all of them necessary but by no means all often developed in the same individual. Exactly as in his writings he stands fearlessly for the rights of the laboring man and yet is equally fearless in his denunciation of any kind of mob violence or of attack on property; exactly as he unsparingly assails every corrupt politician and yet avoids the pit of mere slanderous accusation against all men in public life; so in his private character he combines a good-natured evenness of temper with the power of flaming wrath against unrighteousness, insistence upon adherence to a high ideal with ready recognition of the need of practical methods in the achievement of that ideal, and a serene and lofty hopefulness and belief in the future with a keen appreciation of all that is low, base, cruel, evil, and therefore mercilessly to be warred against in the present. That he may live many years to guide and inspire us is the hope of his friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

DR. ABBOTT AT THE GRAVE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD

IN the passing of Lyman Abbott this city and this country lose one of their great forces for light and truth. He was one of those rare men to whom a whole people turn for advice and example, and when Americans turned to Lyman Abbott he never failed to help.

New England has been generous in giving to the world men and women, sometimes whole families, whose leadership, spirituality and scholarship have been of tremendous benefit to their fellows. Lyman Abbott came of one of those families, each generation of which sought to outdo its predecessor in good works. He had the New England energy, the New England heritage of justice.

Lyman Abbott might have made a great name for himself at the bar, as two of his brothers did, if he had not chosen to turn to the pulpit. It was as a preacher that he first attracted the attention of the country to his intellectual powers and the breadth of his great mind. It was no easy task to attempt to take the place of Henry Ward Beecher as the pastor of Plymouth Church, but Dr. Abbott took it and kept it. If he lacked Beecher's magnetism and fire he made up for them in his sermons with the clearness of his logic and the genuine warmth of his friendship for humanity.

It was in literature rather than in the pulpit, however, that Dr. Abbott reached his greatest audiences. As the editor of The Outlook he was able to convey his valuable opinions to the entire intellectual public. Nor were these opinions limited to the field of religion. Lyman Abbott lived in times of strife. He was no mere scholar, apart from the struggle of his fellows. He knew that it was impossible to separate religion and human events; social and spiritual things were too closely intertwined for that. He knew how weak and how strong humanity could be, and tried to turn its strength into the right channels.

Christianity was ever uppermost in Lyman Abbott's soul. He saw that the largest need of his day was to make that Christianity applicable to the day's problems, political or otherwise. He was sincere, and he tried to make his world sincere. He was sane and he preached sanity. He was moderate, relying upon the clarity of his fine argumentative powers to convince.

There was no necessary reform that could not rely upon Dr. Abbott for ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vice and aid. He was willing always to give his pen or his voice to a worthy cause. He worked for his city, his State, his country, and indeed for the well being of the whole world. And his ability, his personality, his remarkable quality of seeing the right way to do the right thing attracted to him many other men of vision who worked with him in his chosen vineyards. One of these was Theodore Roosevelt, who served on The Outlook with Dr. Abbott and with whose name Lyman Abbott's will always be linked.

The story of Dr. Abbott is one of the finest pages in the history of unselfish endeavor. He worked unceasingly all the life that has just ended in its eighty-seventh year. So long as there was some new spiritual problem, some social question at which to direct the clear light of his mind, Lyman Abbott would not rest. But at last the strong hands are folded in sleep and the compelling voice is still. He was like a patriarch who had lingered because the people needed him.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA

To fully depict the manifold activities and interests of his long life would take us into almost every field of social progress, and into politics and economics as well as religion.

His ardor for spiritual attainment was matched by his enthusiasm for every cause that aimed at human betterment; at the emancipation of the mind from shackles of ignorance and superstition, and the practical application of the principles and spirit of Christianity to the solution of social problems. These prompting motives could not be better expressed than in the most quoted of his sayings: "He who denies the brotherhood of man is as much an infidel as he who denies the fatherhood of God."

Such a life is an achievement of high and lasting meaning to humanity; an example which glows with hopeful promise through clouds of doubtful portent.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

The death of Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of The Outlook, will bring a sense of personal loss to a multitude of people. Over a long period of years his life was a wholesome influence that was widely felt through his writings in his books and in The Outlook. It fell to him in marked degree to fulfill the ambition so finely expressed by Andrew D. White, founder of Cornell University, to direct young people into fields of fruitful thought and to guide older people along lines of right reason.

It is first of all as a teacher of practical religion that Dr. Abbott himself might like to be judged. He came at a time of transition in religious views and he became one of the best-known interpreters of the new theology.

Broadly tolerant and deeply spiritual, he had that sense of direct communion with God which he expressed in the title of one of his books, "The Great Companion." He needed no argument for the existence of God. He felt he had the testimony of his own experience.

With this confidence he had no shadow of fear as to the teachings of modern science. His "Theology of an Evolutionist" shows how he found in scientific inquiry suggestions toward an understanding of the most profound questions of life and destiny. "By their fruits ye shall know them," was his test. He stressed life rather than formal creed. Underlying his work was the text from Micah that so fully expressed the belief of his close friend, Theodore Roosevelt:

> O man, what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?

But there was another side to Lyman Abbott. He changed the name of the publication he edited from the "Christian Union" to The Outlook, because he desired to emphasize its interest in the whole field of human endeavor. Under his editorship The Outlook has been always progressive, but never visionary. It has stood for a sane Americanism.

When the war came, The Outlook did not permit its neutrality to prevent it from speaking out on the ruthlessness of Germany. Dr. Abbott was for peace, but only for the peace of righteousness. He felt there were evils worse than war. Pacifism was not in his creed.

In considering industrial or political problems he was always vigorously for justice. No one could meet him or attend one of the luncheons that The Outlook staff often gave to men who might have information of interest without understanding that this slight, gray-bearded man was essentially honest, fair, keen, ready to hear all sides while sincerely seeking the truth.

Such leadership as that of Lyman Abbott's is of immense importance in a democracy. It embraces both the vision and the effectiveness without which the people perish.

FROM THE DAILY JOURNAL, TELLURIDE, COLORADO

It is refreshing to pause for just a moment or two in the midst of the present political campaign and pay an honest tribute to Dr. Lyman Abbott, noted editor and churchman, whose death occurred on Sunday.

Dr. Abbott carved a niche in American history. A student of public problems, he was competent to purvey to the world through The Outlook his impressions of contemporaneous life. Dr. Abbott was Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook since 1893.

Dr. Abbott will also be remembered as a friend of that unique figure in American history, Theodore Roosevelt. Like Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Abbott will be missed. But his kingly presence and endearing personality will remain permanently engraved in American life through his magazine, and through his contributions to the religious life of the country. The Outlook will be carried on under the competent leadership of Dr. Abbott's two sons, Lawrence F. and Ernest H., a continual memorial to the real heart and greatness of Lyman Abbott.

FROM THE MACON DAILY TELEGRAPH, MACON, GEORGIA

Few men of the last half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth have contributed so much to the sanity and moral and social health of the time as has the venerable and lovable Lyman Abbott, who laid down his earth's labors Sunday and entered upon the great venture and quest.

As an editor, author, social leader, theologian, and liberal preacher he has had few equals. He commenced writing very early in life, and in connection with his brother wrote two novels when he was not much more than a boy. He prepared himself for the practice of law, but his interest in things religious was so profound that he decided to become a minister. His first pastorate was in the West, where he early gave evidence of clear-cut and inspirational religious thought of a very high order. Speaking of this early pastorate, he says that he resolved to give his people the enlightenment of Jesus upon the problems of practical life in weekly discourses, and the people heard him gladly. . . . He was not so brilliant and picturesque and oratorical as Mr. Beecher, but was clearer, more pungent, and more informing.

In connection with his work as a pastor and author and social welfare worker, he took the old "Christian Union," and made of it, under the new name "The Outlook," one of the ablest and most popular journals of enlightened opinion not only in America but in the world. . . .

On public issues The Outlook has been conservative, fearless, intelligent, and conspicuously fair. While Mr. Abbott was a Republican in leaning, he appeared to be just as ready to praise a Democrat when he saw good in him as if he were a Republican, and just as ready to criticise Republicans for failure to measure to the highest standards. He was Republican in the same independent and constructive way that the "Telegraph" aspires to be Democratic.

Mr. Abbott was among the first popular ministers of America to take the position that the life and teachings and mission of Jesus were just as efficacious under one scientific hypothesis as another. He believed that the evolutionary point of view, if spiritually interpreted and applied, gave new meaning and worth and dignity and hope to human life and added glory to God. In notable addresses before college audiences he argued that God is in his world and in all the fine forces of life,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that he is still making the world a progressively better home of man. . . .

His general view of history and politics was very similar to that of President Roosevelt, and after Mr. Roosevelt's retirement to private life Mr. Abbott induced him to become associate editor of The Outlook. These two great men worked together with remarkable harmony and with highest mutual regard.

Mr. Abbott was among the first leaders of America who insisted that America should vigorously protest against the German march and the German methods of warfare. . . . He favored large and generous co-operation of America with the rest of mankind, and was finely sympathetic and co-operative with all efforts to feed the hunger, heal the wounds and repair the breaches made by the World War. He also favored generous co-operation of the nations to prevent future wars and to promote common world good. He contended that the World War, as much as it cost to win it by the Allies and America, was worth and would be worth to the human race even more than it cost. His high courage, intelligence, and purpose, as well as ability to work, increased rather than diminished with age. Though very frail of body, he was one of the busiest workers of the time. In some of his writings he tells the interesting story of how he learned to turn insomnia into a blessing. He says he remembered the beautiful verse in the Psalms to the effect that the meditations of the Lord during the night-watches are sweet, and from that hour on he got more rest and refreshing from these sweet meditations than he did from sleep. It is not surprising that one who turned insomnia into a blessing succeeded in making his own life an unusual benediction to his generation.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

One of the gentlest and most widely beloved of Americans, Dr. Lyman Abbott had the fire, fearlessness and vision of a prophet. He did not put much emphasis upon creeds, but his preaching and writing dwelt on the essentials of a Christian life. Though blown upon by every wind of doctrine, he was not blown about by it. He maintained a unity which had a physical illustration in the mountain at whose foot he lived for many months at a time during his later years—Storm King, on the Hudson. He sought and accepted the last word of science. He even wrote a book on the theology of evolution, but what science had to bring to him only assisted in the evolution of his Christianity, which was a way of life rather than a philosophical or theological opinion.

His great ardor was for spiritual achievement, but he was prominent in every good work for the bettering of the physical life of those about him. As an editor he had not only a gift for clear, persuasive statement, but a reasonable optimism that refused to be discouraged or defeated. As a preacher he had to meet the severe test of succeeding Henry Ward Beecher. The voice of the orator is hushed, but the influence of this prophet of man's brotherhood will be felt long beyond the years of his long life.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, DENVER, COLORADO

Dr. Abbott took interest in all that pertained to the betterment of the human race. He was always found on the side of the oppressed. He was an Internationalist before the word was much in use and before the doctrine received anything but ridicule from the bulk of the people who associated it with the Red Flag of Marxianism. His biographer calls Dr. Abbott a "rational optimist." The phrase fits him.

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN

The full and useful life of Lyman Abbott, who has just died, constitutes a wonderful record of intellectual, political and spiritual service to the American people. He belonged to a race eminent alike for its energy in action, its brilliancy in intellect and its high principle; the race that produced the old New England ministers. In him joined the best of their qualities, for he had not only the strength of understanding and the firmness of principle that were theirs, but the tireless, enterprising energy that kept him active all his life in the advancement of America.

To Dr. Abbott the country's advancement was a matter above all of the spirit. While other men of his day worked manfully to make the country more prosperous, to settle its waiting Western fields, he served especially the ideal of uprightness and high thinking. He lived in a time when his spiritual elevation was needed to right the balance in a nation necessarily absorbed in its material affairs. That America today thinks not simply of the dollar, but past the dollar to great fundamental things without which prosperity would lose its value, we owe to Dr. Abbott and to men like him; but in remarkably large part to Dr. Abbott himself.

America has produced other men who combined spiritual and mental pre-eminence—a long line of them, from Jonathan Edwards to Emerson; but its scholars have few of them possessed Dr. Abbott's gift of applying the high forces in them with full effect to practical matters of the moment. For him principle was no abstract thing, religion was not a matter to lock up in the meeting house with the hymn books, between Sundays. He believed in applied religion; as indeed others did. But he possessed the rare talent actually to apply it.

Fortune added to his gifts that of literary and speaking ability. His power of expression enabled him to reach the American world through the pulpit, by his numerous books and articles, and perhaps most potently of all, as an editor, shaping and inspiring the utterances of publications which went through all the country. By all these means he preached the application of conscience to the public problems of the day. It was characteristic of him and perhaps the most outstanding of his applications of principle, as well as of his keen and sound instinct for the best, that he pinned his faith and friendship in Colonel Roosevelt. He saw early what not all could see—that this man was destined to play the great part at Washington in a critical phase of American progress.

Few men have influenced more people in this country than Dr. Abbott did. None perhaps have influenced so many for so long a term of years. Sanity went hand in hand with earnestness in him. He remained to the end what he had been throughout, the clear, brave and convincing spokesman of what was best in the American spirit.

FROM THE EVENING NEWS, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

With all his long study and erudition, Dr. Lyman Abbott is best remembered as a man who found God in the street and the market-place. He was not of the race of great theological controversialists, but a preacher of the Christian life. From the very beginning of his professional career he viewed religion in relation to social and civil problems. It was for him a way of life, and he devoted all his energies, in the pulpit, as editor and as a citizen, to a Christian solution of the practical problems of living.

FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

If any man ever deserved the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant," it was Lyman Abbott, who has entered into rest after more than eighty years of fruitful living. Nowhere will he be mourned so widely or more deeply than in Brooklyn. His eleven years' pastorate of Plymouth Church, where he succeeded Mr. Beecher, was a period of religious illumination and growth for the whole world, and more especially for Brooklyn, where his lucid, frank and honest preaching was reinforced by his personality, which inspired a warm affection among all who knew him.

Dr. Abbott was a beacon light of honest and frank thinking among the orthodox churches at a time when they were profoundly stirred by the higher criticism. Dr. Abbott said at his eightieth anniversary here that he learned to accept the truth of evolution from Mr. Beecher, but the consequence of that acceptance was far wider than either man could have dreamed. Dr. Abbott became pastor of Plymouth in the very year that Mrs. Humphry Ward published "Robert Elsmere," and a few years later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he preached a series of sermons on evolution from that pulpit which stirred opposition among the more narrowly orthodox, but was a powerful factor in leading the churches to a faith which learned to worship God as revealed through natural law as well as through revelation.

Dr. Abbott did a great service through teaching men to see science as the servant of religion rather than its enemy, at a time when the "higher criticism" had made impossible for intelligent and honest minds the earlier belief in the literal or verbal inspiration of the Bible, and was weakening the faith of many brought up in that simpler faith. But he was much more than a great leader of religious thought. He was an editor as well as a preacher, a work which came to its full fruition as editor of The Outlook. There he was a friend and supporter of progress in all good causes except only woman suffrage, which he always regarded as a danger to the home. He was a national figure as an advocate of higher political and finer social living and of better education. An incident which illustrated the sanity of Dr. Abbott's thinking was that he was dropped from the American Peace Society in 1913 because he also belonged to the Army and Navy League and because he supported preparedness in The Outlook. When the atrocities in Belgium came he insisted that Christianity justified the strong in protecting the weak, and he strongly supported the war, although he had done much to promote the ideal of world peace.

At the time of the Plymouth celebration of Dr. Abbott's eightieth birthday The Eagle urged that it be followed by a national assemblage to pay tribute while he still lived to the exalted character of the man and to the great influence he had exerted in the growth of honest thinking and a higher plane of conduct in both public affairs and private living. Such a memorial tribute was not made, however. Now that the tireless worker has gone to his reward, such tributes will no doubt come from many parts of the country. If they serve to emphasize and continue the influence of this great and good man, they will do something to continue the fine work to which he gave his long life freely and without stint.

FROM THE SMITH COLLEGE WEEKLY, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

In the shifting succession of vesper speakers who appear out of space on the platform of John M. Greene Hall, leave their message, and vanish into space again, we had grown to look forward each year to our visit in the fall from Dr. Abbott as a sort of "St. Martin's summer." . .

Besides the many endowments which had given him fame, he brought us two things especially dear to a college audience, youth and age. We are not so irreverent as we seem—if we really have something worthy of reverence. The spare, ascetic figure, the white patriarchal beard, made a setting from which the counsels of ripe experience came worthily and were welcome. But the spirit of youth in him was indomitable—and as cheerful as indomitable. Perhaps the greatest gift he gave us was a fresh sense of the normal relation of religion to life. He had a natural gift for spiritual things. He could perhaps have been a mystic. His manhood was spent in the midst of the keenest intellectual ferment the religious world has ever seen. In that intellectual arena he had been a champion. But religion in him was neither intellect nor emotion. It was the strong, fresh breath of his life. It made him at home in any assemblage of men—they were all the children of God. It will make him just as simply and naturally at home with "the spirits of just men made perfect." But we shall miss his message.

FROM THE EVENING MAIL, NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Abbott worked in no narrow groove. He knew the world. He strove always to make it a better world for all to live in. He realized that it could not be made better by the power of prejudice, mutual antagonisms, or inflexible dogmatism. In all that he said and did the spirit of a wise charity was uppermost. He broadened the minds that came in contact with his, and grew broader and deeper himself through his desire to give a fair hearing to all.

FROM THE BUFFALO EXPRESS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

With the broadest knowledge of men and affairs, both of the past and present, he combined a deep interest in humanity and an instinct for news, which was perhaps the most important factor in his mental equipment. He knew how to select for discussion subjects in which people were interested and thereby he won readers and influenced thought where a more monastic type of man would have failed.

FROM THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Dr. Abbott was an optimist, but he saw clearly the difficulties and obstacles in the way to success. He was a man of faith and of vision. Strong men, like Theodore Roosevelt, were attracted to him. Because of his great length of life, his vigor to the end, and his deep interest in every important movement for the betterment of men, he became one of the best-known characters to the general public.

FROM THE EDMONTON (CANADA) JOURNAL

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who died in New York on Sunday, was a wonderful old man who over a long period of years had exerted strong influence on American life. The last issue of The Outlook of which he has been editor-in-chief since 1893, contained an article over his signature in which there was no sign of any abating of his old-time vigor. It is only an occasional man who, on approaching his eighty-seventh birthday, is so much alive as he has shown himself to be in all that he has said and written in recent weeks.

FROM THE DALLAS, TEXAS, MORNING NEWS

As an editor he made of The Outlook a distinctive publication. As a preacher he followed his profession for the good that he hoped to do to others and not for the furthering of his own reputation. As a writer on religious subjects he showed both learning and moderation. In all things he displayed prodigious industry, and everywhere he was accorded the respect which sincerity inspires.

FROM THE LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN TRIBUNE AND LEADER-PRESS

Many men were attracted to Mr. Abbott's leadership by some of the numerous other qualities with which he was endowed besides his active and militant Christianity. But his was none the less an ennobling influence because it was often his personality rather than his principles that first drew men to him. From him must have been reflected and radiated upon those about him something of his own clear and serene faith. So Lyman Abbott leavened the lump of more or less ignoble and thoughtless men and manners of his times.

FROM THE JEWISH TRIBUNE, PORTLAND, OREGON

Dr. Abbott was fearless, and because of the breadth and depth of his learning he did not hesitate to speak the truth as he saw it and to preach the evolution of human thought as demonstrated in the progress of religion. Personally he was among the most lovable of men, with the great dignity which was the natural sequence of his power; a fine democracy that marked the recognition of human fellowship, and a broad humanity which found room for aiding every worthy endeavor for the uplift of the oppressed.

Is there a finer sentiment in all our literature than that sentence in one of his sermons: "He who denies the Brotherhood of Man is as much an infidel as he who denies the Fatherhood of God"? And he not only preached this doctrine—he practiced it.

FROM THE BROOKLYN TIMES, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Singular combination of prophet and preacher and scientist and sage, Lyman Abbott had a clear vision of the world around him, and a sublime vision of the world beyond, that made him eminen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in an age of great American churchmen and publicists. He was as clear an analyst of the material progress of his time as any thinker, but science did not shake his faith. Instead, all that he learned of the material world and its contacts strengthened in him the belief in a hereafter cleansed of the dross and wrong of the universe that is apparent to the mind in the flesh. . . .

Brooklyn remembers the great clergyman and scholar as the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. . . .

There are many who recall Dr. Abbott as he stood on the plain and severe platform of the historic church, preaching his great sermons on the higher criticism and his Pauline sermons. Spare in body but with a towering forehead and a flowing beard, he looked the prophet. His lectures attracted the attention of scholars and churchmen, because of their keen intellectual quality, their convincing power, and the clarity and strength of the mind that formed them.

FROM THE CORNWALL PRESS, CORNWALL, NEW YORK

This week newspapers and periodicals all over the United States will commemorate the passing of Dr. Lyman Abbott, but here in Cornwall it is our sad privilege to commemorate the passing of a neighbor.

Dr. Abbott came to Cornwall as a young minister and became pastor of the Canterbury Presbyterian Church. He became very fond of the town and of the surrounding country; and after he had left the pulpit to devote his time to editorial work and authorship, he made Cornwall his home, building the hospitable white house which has long been a landmark in the lower village. . . .

Every one who knew Dr. Abbott will remember his interest in young people. This was because he himself had kept a youthful spirit. . . .

For a great number of years past, practically all boys in Cornwall-on-Hudson have come to know Dr. Abbott intimately through the Garden Club, which had access to his home with the same freedom that his family enjoyed. They learned what his great library was like; they enjoyed the friendship of his kindly voice as he read to them grouped about the open fireplaces; they partook of every form of true hospitality; they learned to love good books, and they have gone out, many of them into trades, through college, into the larger business world—some lawyers, U. S. officers, doctors, and every one indelibly stamped by close contact with an indefinable something, which was the soul of Dr. Abbott.

. . . There is an overworked phrase, "Christian first, denominationalist second." Dr. Abbott was the living embodiment of all that is good in the idea.

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS

THE letters and telegrams which have come to his associates and to members of his family, and are still coming, express a personal feeling which would, we think, have surprised Dr. Abbott, but which he would have accepted simply and gratefully. We print some of these personal tributes here because they are triumphant confirmation of Dr. Abbott's faith and conviction that the spiritual relationships of mankind transcend all the temporal divisions of creed, politics, and social circumstance.

From the Rector of All Angels' Church, New York

I can recall among his contemporaries no life richer or happier than his own. He has gone to his rest and reward with the reverence and the love of all those who are seeking the truth in all sincerity. To me he seemed to be the preeminent expositor of the simplicity of religion. When others became confused and lost the path or were perplexed by the multiplicity of paths, he shed the radiance of the simplicity of that truth which was always so clear to him, and the perplexity was dissolved. Never in all his ministry did he seem more needed than in these days—and yet one is thrilled by the thought of what joy is his, and how peculiarly prepared for it he is! S. DELANCEY TOWNSEND.

From Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

In behalf of the officers and members of Plymouth Church, I am sending you this message of deepest sympathy and affection in the hour of your great loss that has touched Plymouth Church and our entire city. We shall all be glad to have you make any use of Plymouth Church you desire. The official Board wished me to say that each individual member joins in this message of deepest sympathy. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

From the Executive Secretary of the Roosevelt National Memorial Association

To have Dr. Abbott go is like having a mountain removed at whose base you have lived all your life. It isn't only that you miss the mountain, but that the whole landscape is changed. The American people will sorely feel your father's going. He was in the truest and highest sense a guide, philosopher, and friend to thousands who never saw him, and the mourning that is in thousands of American homes to-day will not be the usual passing emotion which we feel when a great man takes his place among "those who bear the stars," as Barrett Wendell called them.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

From a Jewish philanthropist

In the passing of your illustrious father this Nation has lost one of her very great men; one of her dependable assets; one of her most resourceful minds; and it therefore shares your loss.

JULIUS ROSENWALD.

From the Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, New York

Over thirty years ago I saw the funeral of the good Earl Shaftesbury in London, the principal feature of which was that it was as largely attended by the very poor as it was by the nobility and gentry of the land. I am in a position to assure you of a similar attitude with regard to your father. Whilst those in other circles will pay glad tribute to his superb intellectual gifts, and to his extraordinary value as an educator, patriot, and philosopher, thousands of men down here will just as enthusiastically bear witness to his beautiful, helpful, Christlike spirit in ministering to them in their dire need. We all feel we have lost a great and true friend.

JOHN G. HALLIMOND.

From Senator Glass

Please accept a very earnest expression of sympathy on the death of your venerable and distinguished father. His objectives in life revealed the nature of the man—his objectives and courageous strivings. These things counted for large value while he wrought—and will be remembered to his high distinction now that he is dead. CARTER GLASS.

From Senator McCormick

Deepest sympathy to you in the loss of a devoted father; to The Outlook in the loss of a courageous and far-sighted guide; and to his fellow-citizens in the loss of a great American.

MEDILL MCCORMICK.

From Colonel House

A great loss has come to our country in the death of your distinguished father, and there will be widespread sympathy for you and yours throughout America. EDWARD HOUSE.

From General Booth, of London, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army

I am mourning with you in the loss of one of the world's greatest citizens,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was also a leader among the sons of God. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

From Father Curran, of Wilkes-Barre, who was an intimate associate of Theodore Roosevelt in settling the coal strike of 1902

Sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy on the death of your venerable and beloved father, Dr. Lyman Abbott. His name will go down in American history as one of the foremost literary personages of his native land. May his soul rest with the angels and saints of God unto all eternity. J. J. CURRAN.

From a former Governor of the State of New York

Accept my sincere sympathy at the loss of your distinguished father.

ALFRED E. SMITH.

From the President of a National Labor Union

Through press despatch I have just learned of the death of your beloved father, brother Lyman Abbott, and in behalf of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants Union of North America I hasten to transmit our sympathy and condolence.

GEORGE L. BERRY.

From the President of the New York Life Insurance Company

Lyman Abbott had to me so long been a great figure—he had indeed so clearly become a tradition in our National life—that it is not easy to think of him as a father whose death brings deep sorrow to his children. The high pride you feel in him as a great leader and teacher does not make your sorrow as a son any less acute. May I as a citizen and a friend join in the universal tribute of respect and affection which the world is now offering. DARWIN P. KINGSLEY.

From Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt

Deep sympathy. We all needed him.

EDITH ROOSEVELT.

From the President of New York University

I am deeply distressed to hear of the death of your honored father. He was one of the most distinguished and most revered of the graduates of New York University in the whole course of its history. His outlook on the passing show of this world was that of a man who was at once a lawyer, a journalist, a bookman, a religious leader, a man of affairs, and a genial humorist and fellow-man in the ordinary relations of life. Even at his advanced age, he was so wholesome that we thought him destined for many years of ripening leadership. ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

From Vassar College

I should like to express on behalf of Vassar College, of which for a time being I am acting President in the absence of President MacCracken abroad, our general sense of the deep loss shared throughout the country in the death of your father. For years Dr. Abbott was a welcome and beloved visitor to the pulpit of the College, and the memory of his helpful service and profound human interest is still so strong that even I, a newcomer to Vassar, have been made aware of it. GEORGE H. NETTLETON.

From Princeton University

I am distressed to hear of your father's death. Please accept my sincere regret and sympathy. We remember always with gratitude his services at Princeton. JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

From General Pershing

Deeply grieved to learn of your father's death, and extend to you my sincerest sympathy. The country has lost a great outstanding figure whose influence has always been for the best and wholesome things in life. He will be revered by his countrymen as a model Christian. PERSHING.

From the President of Union Theological Seminary

The great and splendid work your father did for the promotion of the kingdom of God, a work that he was permitted to carry on almost to the close of his long life, makes the Church and the country at large permanently his debtors. His name will not be forgotten.

ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT.

From the students of the Union Theological Seminary

In behalf of the students of Union Theological Seminary I wish to express our profound sorrow at the loss of one who was our beloved friend and counselor. Those of us who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Abbott personally will cherish the remembrance of those rare opportunities as long as we live; and no student can fail to acknowledge the benign influence on his life of him who was so universally loved and respected.

W. M. ALDERTON,
For the students of
Union Theological Seminary.

From the Principal of Hampton Institute

Hampton Institute will feel that it has lost one of its truest and most discerning friends; and every other good cause will miss him deeply. I shall always remember gratefully his message which I found on my arrival at the Institute to begin my work there in April, 1918.

JAMES E. GREGG.

From Mount Holyoke College

For the Class of '93, Mount Holyoke College, of which Dr. Abbott was an honorary and honored member, may I express our appreciation of the high nobility of his character. We recall with gratitude his gracious acceptance of our invitation to preach our Baccalaureate sermon, and his sympathetic understanding of the many problems that were then perplexing us. From that time to this he has held a peculiarly tender place in our affections.

OLIVE SPRAGUE COOPER,
Secretary of the Class.

From the Consul-General of Japan

It is with deep grief that I learn in this morning's paper of the death of your distinguished father, Reverend Dr. Lyman Abbott. His passing is an irretrievable loss not only to your country, but also to the rest of the world.

K. KUMASAKI, Consul-General.

From the Federal Council of Churches

May I share with you and yours the loss of your honored father, and the gratitude we all feel for his long service to the Church and to the world. From my Theological Seminary days until his death he has been a guide and counselor to me. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,
General Secretary.

From the Massachusetts Agricultural College

I should like to express to you a word of tribute to your father. I began taking the "Christian Union" immediately after my college days, and then The Outlook, and for many years I think I got a more complete appreciation of public questions, viewed from the ethical and religious standpoint, as well as perhaps more inspiration with respect to a sane attitude on questions theological, than from any other one source. Dr. Abbott was a great personality and a great influence.

KENYON L. BUTTERFIELD, President.

From Tuskegee Institute

The teachers and students of Tuskegee Institute sorrow with you and your family. Dr. Abbott gave freely of his time and great wisdom to the betterment of humanity, and his passing is a great loss.

WARREN LOGAN, Acting Principal.

From the Minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York

Your father has been one of the notable witnesses in our day for a whole and strong Christianity. No one can estimate his influence. . . . I think this morning with gladness of the hours I had with him at Silver Bay two years ago. He was so generous in his appreciation of what I said, and so helpful in talking it over with the college girls. They questioned me one morning about immortality, and it was a relief and a joy to turn it over to him. He answered in a way that I know will make a difference forever in their thoughts and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feelings. Perhaps the best thing one can say is that it is actually easier to think of him as still alive, than as dead. So he goes on proving that eternal life to which he was so consistent and joyous a witness. WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

From one of the founders of the Boy Scout Movement

It is with a keen sense of sorrow that I read in this morning's paper the death of my old friend, your distinguished father. It was your father who always had a cordial greeting for me, and a sympathetic ear for all my whims and fancies. Won't you give to your brothers my sincerest sympathy and affectionate regard, and say to them that the privilege of having such a splendid father must, in a measure, comfort them now that he has crossed the Great Divide to join his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, where I doubt not they both await the coming of the rest of us.

DANIEL C. BEARD.

From the President of the University of Virginia

I am saddened by the thought that your father's great life is ended; I am proud that he was my friend.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

From the Consul-General of France

I myself am not only losing a very sincere friend, but France as well will deeply regret the loss of one of her most faithful and ardent followers, who never failed to lend her a helping hand in her hours of need. When I decorated Dr. Lyman Abbott not long ago with the Legion of Honor, I little thought that he would have such a short time in which to enjoy this mark of recognition from France for the many services which he rendered her. GASTON LIÉBERT.

From the Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa

When I went to Yale, after I had been there just long enough to see some of the demoralizing surface of student life, and not long enough to have penetrated to the real inner spirit of things, your father delivered an address which promptly brought me to my senses again, and set me on my feet intellectually and morally. After that for ten or fifteen years I suppose I read practically everything he wrote. In recent years I have been helped and exalted by the unfaltering vitality of his intellect and spirit with advancing years.

WALLACE M. SHORT.

From the President of Western Reserve University

Your father united at least three elements which, each great in itself, resulted in a still greater character. He had the gift of interpretation. No man of our time could, in so few sentences, more adequately outline the essence of a movement or of a social or theological or educational condition. In this power of expression was found an equally great power of analysis. He made the complex simple, the obscure clear, the vague definite and exact. But with these intellectual qualities was closely joined a great-heartedness. He loved people, and consequently people loved him. From it all came a great humanity. Or rather this trinity of qualities came forth into a great humanity. In him was incarnated the best.

CHARLES F. THWING.

From Dr. van Dyke

It is glorious to die thus amid the murmur of many voices saying, "God bless you for the good you did me." He was like an old prophet, your father, no, like a new prophet, for youth was always in his heart while his beard grew longer and whiter, and authority clothed the hopefulness of his message. Yet you are grieved that he is gone; I grieve with you, for he always brought me a blessing. HENRY VAN DYKE.

From a Roosevelt associate

I cannot express my sense of personal loss in the death of your father. He stood to me both for all that was finest and for all that was most effective in American public life. I think of him always as a man who not only wanted the best thing, but knew how to achieve it. Our country is the richer for his life, and the poorer for his departure. My deepest sympathy.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

From the President of Columbia University

To have fallen asleep at his great age, full not only of years but of distinguished honors, and to carry with him so heavy a freight of affection and good deeds well done, is surely a cause for rejoicing. His is now the everlasting reward of the conflict o'er and of victory won. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

From ex-Secretary Garfield

You have enjoyed a wonderful companionship with your father, such as few men are privileged to enjoy. The memory of it will grow brighter and more helpful as the years pass. His life is an example of highest effort and attainment. I shall always count my association with him among the bright spots in my life. JAMES R. GARFIELD.

From the President of the General Education Board

Your father was one of the first citizens of our Republic. A man of great learning, of profound public spirit, who served his day and generation in ways most useful, . . . I first heard your father in 1883, when he made an address of great interest and inspiration at Waterbury, Connecticut. It came to me at a time when I needed just such a forward-looking message as he gave. I have heard him repeatedly since and entertained for him a respect which amounted to reverence. WALLACE BUTTRICK.

From the former President of Yale University

Your father had reached the fullness of years in such a glorious fashion and was doing such work till near the very end that the public will not feel the sadness of his going; but for those like Mrs. Hadley and me who knew him, and knew how much greater he was than the things which he did could ever show, cannot help trying to tell you how much we cared for him, and how much better his presence made our world to live in.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

From the President of Hobart College

I wish to acknowledge the great debt I owe as a man and as an educator to your father as one of the greatest teachers of the greatest things I have ever known. MURRAY BARTLETT.

From Professor Edward C. Moore, of Harvard University

No one ever rendered a greater service to the University as a member of the Board of Preachers through a long period, eighteen years, if I remember rightly, and no one ever rendered greater service to me personally. My acquaintance with your father dates from 1881, when I first went to New York as a student, and there has been no time in these forty years when I have not reckoned him among my wisest and most faithful counselors.

EDWARD C. MOORE.

From ex-Secretary Redfield

A fine and finished life was his—a record of many-sided service. I prefer to think of him as a spiritual force, an illuminating thinker, a refining and inspiring power. For him "the fever of life is over" and his work is done. Done, I mean, in the sense of accomplishment, but not in the sense of having ended, for it goes on fruitful to-day and to bear fruit in coming days.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

From the Secretary of State

Permit me to express my deepest sympathy in the loss of your father. There is no one with whom I have been brought in contact who has more completely realized to me the ideal of the Christian sage, and there is no one I have known who has had a more beneficent influence. His life has been one of rare beauty and distinction, and his death is an irreparable loss to the Nation. CHARLES E. HUGHES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

THE IRISH SITUATION

ANOTHER advance has been made in molding into existence the Irish Free State. The Dail Eireann, which is now sitting as a Constituent Assembly in a Provisional Parliament, has passed a bill ratifying the Constitution of the Free State as placed before the Assembly. This Constitution puts into binding form the agreement between the Lloyd George Government and the representatives of Southern Ireland in what is now known as the London Treaty. Only slight and few amendments were urged by the Dail Eireann. The emphasis still remains on political and religious freedom in Ireland and in the Irish Free State as a "coequal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

There is no doubt whatever that the British Parliament will give its assent and ratification to the action of the Dail Eireann, and that issue is not likely to be changed at all by any result in the general election now about to take place in Great Britain. Finally, as we understand it, this fundamental law for the Free State will be submitted to a referendum of all legal voters in Southern Ireland, and there is hardly a shadow of a doubt that it will be accepted and put into effect.

Southern Ireland at least will thus gain autonomy and self-government, although not absolute independence. The feeling is growing among Irishmen that such freedom of action and opinion as has long been granted to the people of Canada is and ought to be all that the Irish people should require.

A JUNIOR REPUBLIC FOUNDED IN FRANCE

AN English boy, with the suggestive name of Dash, has just been elected president of the first Junior Republic in France. In that Republic there are not only French and English boys and girls, but also those of some other nationalities.

They are thirty-two to forty in number, and they are now engaged in drawing up a constitution for their Republic (based on the French Constitution) and in other details of their new government.

The Republic has been founded at Chavagnac, in the department of the Haute-Loire. Chavagnac was Lafayette's birthplace, and hence is a peculiarly appropriate region in which to start the American endeavor. More perhaps than any one of his day Lafayette would have sympathized with the ideal of a Junior Republic—to place the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of citizenship on boys and girls for a period of, say, five years before they grow into manhood and womanhood.

It will be interesting to see how the junior city of Chavagnac will be governed by its embryo citizens.

KANSAS AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

ACCORDING to newspaper despatches from Topeka, Governor Allen, of Kansas, takes the Ku Klux Klan seriously. There is a natural disposition to laugh at the Klan and to deride its pretense of being a high moral censor while at the same time it encourages every kind of racial enmity. Thus it cleverly holds out a lure to the Jew hater, to the Negro hater, and the Catholic hater. Its ultimate absurdity is in utilizing the attractiveness of a secret society by its weird customs, its mummeries, and its midnight rides, while at the same time it neglects no avenue of publicity and its secret negotiations have a background of photographers, searchlights, and automobile curiosity-seekers.

The Klan has played some part in politics lately, but it has not seemed to be a great or serious menace. But Governor Allen finds in this revival a great deal that is serious and a great deal that is dangerous. He declares that it has brought into Kansas "the greatest curse that can come to any civilized people—the curse that arises out of the unrestrained passions of men governed by religious intolerance and racial hatred." Specifically, he charges that the Klan has disobeyed the State law by not taking out a charter, as is required of all fraternal and social organizations; and that it has committed the shocking offense of seizing the Mayor of the town of Liberal in Kansas, of carrying him by force to a secluded place, and there whipping him because he had refused to allow the Klan to hold a meeting in a hall he owned.

Governor Allen denounced the un-American idea "that we can improve the conditions in the State by turning the rights of government to a masked organization which arrogates to itself the right to regulate the individual."

Finally, the Governor summed up his case by denying that the people of Kansas desired religious instruction from masked men whose characters and capacities are concealed by disguise.

It is the custom of the present Governor of the State of Kansas to follow up conviction by action. He concluded the address he was making by announcing that he had directed the Attorney-General of the State to take action against officials of the Ku Klux Klan with a view to expelling them from the State. This sounds arbitrary, but it is to be supposed that whatever may be done in the matter will be done through the courts and under the law, for certainly neither Governor Allen nor the State of Kansas would wish to fight the Klan by its own methods.

SIXTY YEARS OF SURGERY

THE advances of the last sixty years in medicine and surgery in this country were vividly set forth recently by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, in an address before one of the meetings of the Convention at Boston of the American College of Surgeons. Dr. Keen is eighty-five years old, has been practicing medicine and surgery for sixty years, and is now Professor Emeritus in Surgery at the Jefferson Medical College. The occasion of his address was the presentation to him by the Boston Surgical Society of its Bigelow Medal.

Dr. Keen went a little back of his own experience to describe what he was told by his elders was the state of things before 1846, when anæsthesia was discovered; then an operation was "a horrible ordeal for patients, surgeons, and witnesses." It is no wonder that during the five years just preceding the introduction of anæsthesia there were only an average of thirty-seven operations a year in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Astonishing as it may seem, "in the 80's and even into the 90's there were in most hospitals no trained nurses." The use of the medical thermometer was practically unknown until well into the 60's. Dr. Keen doubts if there were half a dozen thermometers in the Army of the Potomac, and the medical custom of judging a fever then was by placing the hand on the arm or neck and estimating the temperature, not in degrees, but as "slight," "considerable," "high," etc. Vaccination, anæsthesia, and antisepsis have been, Dr. Keen believes, the three greatest blessings in the realm of medicine since the Christian era began. In the treatment of diphtheria it was not till 1895 that the "blessed antitoxin was discovered and, presto! as if by magic, tracheotomy for diphtheria became infrequent, and for years past, one may say, has been unknown."

We must quote one more instance which illustrates, as it seems to us, in an exceedingly practical way the igno-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

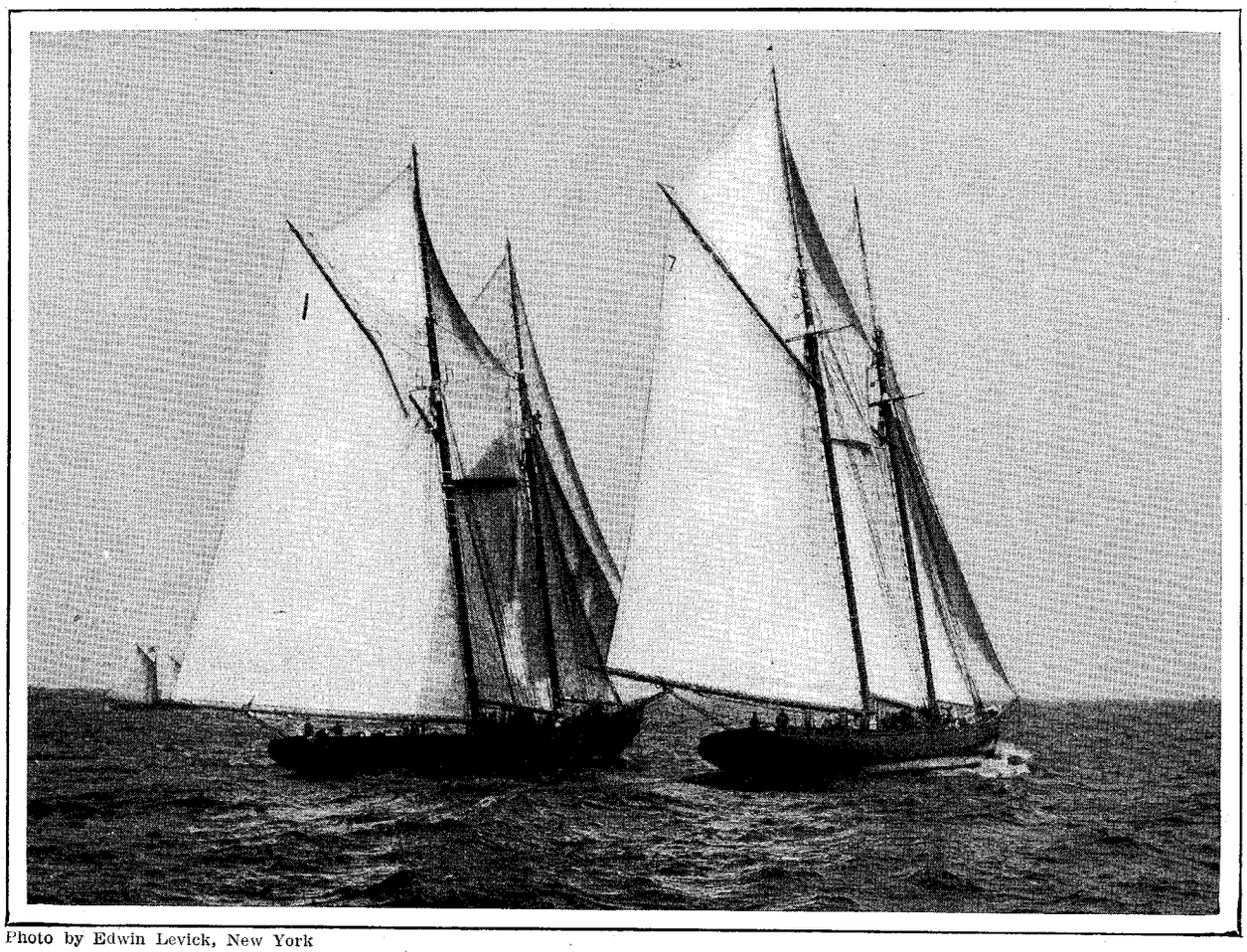


Photo by Edwin Levick, New York

THE CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL FISHING SCHOONER MATCH—NO. 1, BLUENOSE (CANADIAN); NO. 7, HENRY FORD, GOING OVER THE STARTING LINE

rance and lack of reasoning in the adverse comment upon surgical and medical progress—the kind of comment that is made by perfectionists who assert that if a medical treatment does not save every case it is a failure. Dr. Keen says:

> Surgeons who removed ovarian tumors were persecuted. As a student, I even heard them called murderers in the Jefferson clinic because "two out of three of the patients died." It ought to have been worded, "one out of every three recovered," for every recovery was a rescued life. Now, thanks to McDowell, the Atlees, Pasteur, and Lister, and many others, the mortality is less than one in a hundred.

The entire address, as we find it in the Boston "Transcript" for October 26, is illuminating and intensely human. No one can read it without joining heartily in the speaker's general conclusion as to the advance of the profession: "We are gradually throttling disease at its birth and preventing its onslaught upon the health of the world."

CONTROLLABLE SQUALLS

THE international fishermen's race, which showed promise of becoming one of the great sporting events of each year, has lost, temporarily we hope, some of its appeal.

This race between Canadian and American fishing schooners was initiated three years ago. The victory in the first race went to America. The second year the question of eligibility poked itself up over the horizon. The race went to the Canadians. The third year the question of eligibility produced an even greater stir. Added to this controversy was the question of racing rules and the apparent muddling of the contest by the committee in charge. A jumble of signals in the first race of the series resulted in Bluenose, the Canadian defender, and Henry Ford, the American challenger, sailing over the line only to find that the victory of the Ford was declared null and void. The second race of the series again found the Ford the first across the finish line. Her captain insisted that the cup was his and only consented to race again after prolonged argument. The next two races were won by Bluenose. Her last victory has been protested by the captain of the Ford on the ground that Bluenose carried no official observer and used a staysail which was not part of her regular equipment. The whole affair bore more resemblance to those unhappy controversies with Lord Dunraven than to the whole-hearted sportsmanship which one would like to find among skippers whose vessels are made to keep the sea in all weathers.

Let us hope that another year may find the contest re-established on a basis of mutual confidence and good spirit. Possibly one cause of friction could be eliminated by limiting the contest to fishing vessels which had been operated commercially for a period of five years. It seemed to us when the race was first initiated that the requirement that all entrants should have at least one season on the banks was not strict enough.

THE DANGER OF BEING SARCASTIC

THERE are some things which it is difficult to satirize. One can only produce a feeble imitation. Two weeks ago we ventured a supposedly sarcastic reference to the literary manners of sporting writers by offering the following imaginary utterance as typical of their style:

> Undoubtedly the Hoozis Wildcats will be weaker than the Whatsat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Bohemoths if the Whatsat Bohemoths are not stronger than the Hoozis Wildcats, but on the other hand . . .

We thought in writing this that we had painted the picture with too high colors. We find, however, that sometimes truth outruns fiction. Observe the following passage taken from the New York "Sun:"

> West Point has enough within it to play Yale to a tie. The Elis might get together against the Army and at last become that unified team for which everybody is looking. If the Yale men would blunder enough the Army would defeat them. . . . Some things West Point can do better than Yale; some not so well. The outcome favors either team under certain developments. If both play approximately a perfect game Yale has the fringe on the rug the better of it.

The game in question turned out with a tie score of 7–7. Doubtless the writer of this paragraph pointed to his prophecy with pride on this account. He could have pointed with equal pride to the same Delphic utterance no matter whether the Army or Yale had won. We can see no excuse for such writing except that of filling space. There are sport writers who do succeed in making the game of football intelligible and enjoyable for the lay observer, but they are few and far between.

Perhaps the recent developments in radio telephony will do something to make such space-filling prophecies as we have quoted unpublishable. We hope so, but we doubt it. The developments to which we refer are the broadcasting of the progress of football games directly from the field. In New York City, on Saturday, October 28, for instance, crowds listened to the cheering of the great throngs that witnessed the game between the University of Chicago and Princeton University. Play by play, they were able to follow the gallant fight which ended in a typical Princeton finish—a victory snatched from what seemed like almost certain defeat.

THE LEGION AND ITS NEW COMMANDER

THE American Legion has again met in annual session. This year the National Convention was held at New Orleans. For its Commander it chose Mr. Alvin M. Owsley, of Texas, who served during the war as a major and later as lieutenant-colonel. He took part in two offensives with the Thirty-sixth Division. He is a former Assistant Attorney-General of Texas, which office he resigned to become assistant director of the Legion's Americanization Commission. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and of the Law School of the University of Texas.

Apparently Commander Owsley's programme for the Legion can be summed up under four heads. We find him quoted in the New York "Tribune" as follows:

Underwood

ALVIN MANSFIELD OWSLEY, THE NEW HEAD OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

> There are just four things that the Legion means to push, just four things that are on our standard. They are rehabilitation, hospitalization, adjusted compensation, and Americanization. We're going to fight to a finish for adjusted compensation, and we'll win it, too. I will give everything I have to this service.

The Legion has also placed itself on record as opposing the recognition of Soviet Russia, urging preparedness against future wars, fighting the proposals to give amnesty to war-time offenders, standing for the prosecution of war profiteers, and demanding the removal of Brigadier-General Sawyer from any connection with the care of disabled veterans.

There is a very real lack of appreciation of what the Legion has done in improving the condition of the disabled and incapacitated veteran. The Legion has been a powerful force for the elimination of red tape and official sloth. Part of this lack of appreciation is due to the fact that the public has heard little from the Legion leaders except the demand for the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Act.

It might be a good plan if the minutes of the first National Convention of the Legion could be made part of the regular order of the meeting at every subsequent Convention. There were speeches and resolutions at that first Convention which are deserving of remembrance by those who now have the guidance of the Legion in their hands.

THE CASE OF MR. BUCKNER

THERE has just come to our desk a pamphlet[1] which tells a story that in its outward circumstance would seem to be of concern only to the family and neighbors of the man about whom the story centers; but in its inner significance the story has no bounds of parish, State, or Nation.

For eleven years the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner served the Methodist church in the small town of Aurora, Nebraska, as its minister. During that time he not only so conducted the material affairs of the church that it became stronger financially, but evidently developed in the church moral and spiritual vitality. It is not easy to measure the invisible, but some indication of the kind of service that this minister rendered is to be found in the fact that in a little more than a decade the gifts of the church for benevolent purposes had increased from three hundred to three thousand dollars and that he drew to the church men who by their works proved their loyalty to the church's cause. He was not a young man when he came to Aurora. He had been a preacher for over thirty years, and had served the Methodist Episcopal Church for nearly all that time. He is now a man sixty-seven years of age, mature in thought, experienced, with much of the spirit of youth, but without its recklessness. What he believes and what he teaches is the result, not of sudden impulses, but of long consideration. During all the time when he was at Aurora, and for ten years at least preceding that, he openly taught the views, amounting with him to conviction, which may be summed up in this expression of his: "I believe that the hope of the Methodist Church and of all churches lies in the triumph of the new and modern conception of the Bible and of the function of Christianity as applied to the modern problems of a torn and disordered world."

In May of this year he sent to certain newspapers of the State an article in the form of a letter to the several editors. A substantially correct idea of the nature of this article can be obtained from the following quotations:

> A good many years ago I decided God was good. This conclusion was reached from two sources: The teachings of Christ and my own personal experience. As I studied the teachings of Christ and my own personal fellowship with God I decided my God is good. That faith has grown with years and I believe it more strongly to-day than ever in my life.
>
> When I read in the Bible anything

[1] How I Lost My Job as a Preacher. By J. D. M. Buckner. Obtainable from C. V. Howard, New York City, or J. D. M. Buckner, Aurora, Nebraska. 50 cents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which reflects on the goodness of God, I do not believe it. All Scripture must be measured by the life and teachings of Christ. . . .

When I was pastor at David City and we were studying the conquest of Canaan, a girl asked me if it were right for the Hebrew soldiers to kill the women and children. I said, "No." Then another girl said, "Why did God tell them to do it, then?" I said, "God never told them to do it. The writer was mistaken." I have been asked many, many times why God hardened Pharaoh's heart ten times and then brought ten plagues upon innocent people which caused untold suffering. For twenty-five years I tried to fix it up, but always failed to satisfy the people or myself, until finally I had the courage to say, "God never did it. My God is good." . . .

I cannot believe that God killed 185,000 of the Assyrian army one night, that he told Joshua to hock the horses, that he told the Jews they could sell spoiled meat to the Gentiles but not to the Jews, that he commanded that if a boy did not obey his parents he was to be killed, that if a man gathered sticks on the Sabbath to make a fire he was to be stoned to death, and that if any one worshiped any other God he was to be killed. None of these things is like my Heavenly Father. . . .

How did we get our Bible? First a religious folk produced a religious literature; second a religious folk selected the Bible from that literature. Now we have a religious folk that interprets the Bible. I must stand with Christ and his teachings and with my own personal experiences with God, and all Scripture must be measured by this standard. All the problems and questions in life which are constantly meeting us must be settled on the basis that God is good, and all other questions adjusted to that standard. I can only believe in a good God. I can love, admire, devote myself, worship, follow, obey only a good God. . . .

J. D. M. Buckner,
Pastor M. E. Church, Aurora, Neb.

As a consequence of this article or letter he was called to account in a personal communication by the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, his ecclesiastical superior as Resident Bishop in the Omaha Area. This communication also warned Mr. Buckner that his published letter was certain to increase the difficulty of his appointment to a parish in the coming Methodist Conference. Just before the Conference met Mr. Buckner reiterated his views in a farewell sermon to his church. At the conclusion of that sermon he spoke as follows:

> Forty-two years ago when I stood face to face with God in settling the question of preaching, I promised God if he would let in the light I would walk in it; if he would reveal the truth, I would obey it. The thing I have always wanted to know was the will of God and I have been ready to do it at any cost. I have lived up to that pledge to this day. None of you has ever asked me a question about my faith that I did not answer.

In an informal meeting with the Bishop and his cabinet Mr. Buckner was told that if his letter and sermon had not been published, it would have been possible for him to receive an appointment, and that it would be easy for Mr. Buckner simply to retire voluntarily, as he could at his age. In reply Mr. Buckner made it clear that he believed the proper way was to permit the old school men and the new school men alike to have their say; and that he had no thought of withdrawing. Nevertheless, without a trial, and in spite of the protests of his own church, with no reason given, upon the recommendation of the Bishop and his cabinet the Conference voted to retire Mr. Buckner from the ministry.

In spite of the humiliation of experiencing removal from the active ministry, in spite of the greater burden of the hardship which the action of the conference had brought to his wife, Mr. Buckner expresses no personal resentment. In his pamphlet he sets the issue forth, not as a personal one, but as a question concerning the future not only of the Methodist Church but of the Church in all denominations. He presents his pamphlet as a defense of younger ministers against the intimidation of the action of the Bishop and the Conference, and defends the Methodist Church at large "against unwarranted assumptions from this particular incident."

In some cases in the past this issue between arbitrary authority and liberty in the Church has been characterized by the pugnacious and controversial spirit of the advocates of liberty; in this case the advocate of liberty has shown a spirit of charity and good will and an understanding of the point of view of his opponents which we hope all those who believe in the cause for which he has been sacrificed will imitate.

The issue which has been raised in Mr. Buckner's case is threefold.

It is an issue of justice.

Even a criminal is allowed his day in court; Mr. Buckner was not allowed any public hearing, any chance to plead his case openly before the body that was to judge him.

It is an issue of liberty.

When a man enters such an order as that of the Jesuits, he surrenders his liberty of thought because the organization is avowedly autocratic. When, therefore, any church takes such action as that taken in Mr. Buckner's case the old issue is again raised as between those who conceive of the Church as a body ruled by divine right of the ecclesiastical authorities and those who conceive of the Church as a body composed of the free sons of God.

It is an issue of the spirit of religion.

And of all the phases of this issue this is the most fundamental. On the one hand stand those who conceive of religion as an arbitrary system devised by the Almighty, imposed upon men for their observance at the peril of their eternal welfare. On the other side are the men who conceive of religion as the response of men to the approach of God to them and their growth in the understanding of him and his dealings with them.

This threefold issue is one that has arisen again and again in the Church. It is the issue between those in all ages and in all churches who fear freedom and those who welcome it, between those who believe that faith needs some protective covering, and those who believe that faith, if it is really living, grows stronger by being left open to the nourishment of truth.

MUDDLING THROUGH

THE British have a habit, in which they take a kind of unconfessed pride, of somehow muddling through. Certainly the change of Government which has just taken place in Great Britain, and which is likely to be a historical event of the first importance, was and still is more or less muddling.

On another page a correspondent in London gives a vivid and entertaining picture of the somewhat haphazard way in which the thing was done—haphazard of course only in externals. The regular technique of change of government was followed. The Prime Minister, Lloyd George, resigned; and the new Prime Minister, Andrew Bonar Law, was formally invited by the King to organize a Ministerial Cabinet. As we said in last week's Outlook, the new Cabinet distinctly represents the old-fashioned ruling class of Great Britain. As one runs down the list, the titles of marquis, viscount, duke, earl, knight, strike the attention. There is no avowed representative of labor in the Cabinet, and few commoners, although the Prime Minister himself is a commoner and is one of four of the thirty-seven Prime Ministers who have governed England for two hundred years to rise to his commanding position without the background of a college or university education. Seventeen of the thirty-seven were graduates of Oxford, thirteen of Cambridge, one of the University of Edinburgh, and two completed their education at Eton College, while Disraeli and Lloyd George had sufficient training in the classics and in French to pass their bar exami-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation. In a striking sense, modern England has turned to men of letters to guide her destinies. She is now going to try the practical man of business. The change is worth watching.

In a great speech at Glasgow, Lloyd George in his happiest vein, while professing a personal friendship for Bonar Law, poked more or less fun at the list of the new Ministers. "Look at them!" he said; "there is not one of them in achievement, in experience, in talent, that their best friends would compare with those whom they have supplanted. Why was it done?"

Of course such a Cabinet, although dignified and highly respectable, is only a makeshift. After the general election, which takes place in November, and through which both Lloyd George and Bonar Law will appeal to the country, there will be a new realignment.

It is interesting to observe that the ranking member of the new Cabinet next to the Prime Minister, although holding by no means the most important office in the Ministry, is the Marquis of Salisbury, the eldest son of Lord Salisbury, the great Conservative Victorian Prime Minister. His title is an ancient one, and his seat is that famous Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, which was the scene of so many dinners and conferences when his distinguished father was Prime Minister, who represented in his person and policies the highest type of Government by the peerage in Great Britain—a type which has probably passed away forever. This passing is a gain, perhaps, for the plain people, but a decided loss to the literature of political anecdote and reminiscence.

Of Lord Salisbury, the father, a delightful story is told in the recollections of one of his private secretaries. A dinner was being given by Lord Salisbury at Hatfield House, one of the great establishments of England, and one of the guests was a neighbor of Lord Salisbury's, a country squire whose pedigree was more impeccable than his education in the fine points of literary allusion. Next to this ruddy-faced squire sat a young whippersnapper of a diplomatic secretary, who in an argument in which he had teased and irritated the squire, finally called the old gentleman a "Philistine." "A Philistine!" exclaimed the old squire somewhat heatedly, "what's that?" Lord Salisbury, who had overheard the discussion with some concern, and felt that his old friend was being impolitely chaffed, and yet could not quite bring himself, as host, to rebuke the young secretary openly, saw his chance. He leaned forward and quietly remarked: "Don't you know what a Philistine is? A Philistine is a gentleman who is annoyed by the jaw-bone of an ass." The young secretary naturally subsided. We hope that the new Lord President of the Council, the present Lord Salisbury, possesses his father's sense of humor. He may need it before he gets through with the complications of his new office.

The name of the Marquis of Salisbury's younger brother, Lord Robert Cecil, is familiar to Americans as the leading English advocate of the League of Nations. Lord Robert was in Lloyd George's Cabinet, but is not in the Bonar Law Ministry. The Marquis is the bearer of a title three hundred years old and is the owner of an estate of twenty thousand acres.

In his Glasgow speech Lloyd George referred to the resentment of British labor against a Government of Conservative peers as a possible "hurricane." This phraseology is perhaps an exaggeration due to the stress of a popular campaign, for Lloyd George is a past-master in appealing to the emotions of a popular audience. Nevertheless we think it somewhat surprising that so astute a politician as Bonar Law should have formed such a Cabinet with any idea that it could be permanent.

IN WETTEST NEW YORK

WETTEST of all wet towns is New York City, the wet press tells us—wetter by far than in pre-Volstead days—and its wet, wet drink is whisky. The whisky trade, a mere infant industry before the Amendment, has attained colossal proportions, we learn, and it behooves the American business man to look into this, as it furnishes many a helpful suggestion. He will discover—

1. The folly of advertising. Until prohibition came, not only the newspapers, magazines, and billboards of America, but its night-time sky, loudly advertised strong drink; yet how little was sold! Now that the advertising has ceased, do we not wade in strong drink—even swim?

2. The folly of window-dressing. Those pyramids of innumerable well-filled bottles were supposed to attract purchasers. To-day our dealers in strong drink provide the true enticement: Out of sight, out of mind.

3. The folly of indiscriminate sales. When any one could buy, trade languished, quite naturally. Now that only a chosen few can buy, trade thrives.

4. The folly of price-cutting. How difficult it was in those dull pre-Volstead days to dispose of two cocktails for a quarter! Charge a dollar and a half each, and behold! the problem is solved.

5. The folly of pampering one's customers. By making their places of business conveniently accessible (a hundred to the mile), and embellishing them with works of art, and providing extravagant free lunches, the purveyors of strong drink drove customers away. Under the present system, which makes the tippler travel long distances and furnishes disgusting places of business, as a rule, with melancholy and dire loneliness giving them an air of depression thrice depressed, it is a struggle to serve drinks fast enough.

Albeit slowly, the American business man will doubtless come to recognize that the trick of building up trade is in reality very simple—*i.e.*, kill it! Just now, however, we hear him echo that cry of the wet, wet press: "Oh, save us from this awful whisky! On high moral grounds we demand beer and light wines, as of old, for in them lies our only hope of sobriety."

But reflect. To-day, when beer and light wines have vanished, and when every one is forced to consume unlimited quantities of whisky, there are fewer evidences of intoxication than formerly. That familiar sight of a poor wretch staggering along the street, or babbling on a doorstep, or being "pulled in;" that familiar sound of raucous singing in the small hours; that familiar odor of alcohol on the breath—where are they? With rare exceptions, gone forever—abolished by the universal and benign consumption of unlimited whisky!

Were it not for our devout confidence in the asseverations of the wet, wet press, we might almost mistake this whisky-ridden metropolis for the astonishingly dry town it actually is. Inasmuch as polls are at present so popular, we visited a neighboring establishment the other day and polled the representative New Yorkers who make up its staff. Of each representative New Yorker we inquired, "At how many places can you—you yourself, not you generically—obtain drinks?" The answers ranged from "None" to "Eight"—a single "Eight." "Eight" at most in the wettest of wet towns, where until the Amendment any representative New Yorker had his choice of thousands!

But let us not allow mere figures to deceive us or trust too blindly the testimony of our own senses, when a press guided by the well-known journalistic passion for truth declares: "Day by day, in every way, we are getting wetter and wetter." By accepting this assertion at face value we prepare ourselves for a task that awaits us all—the task, namely, of perusing in the right spirit Sir Conan Doyle's new volume, "The Coming of the Fairies."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GENTLEMEN, THE PREMIER HAS RESIGNED!"

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM LONDON BY HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

AT two o'clock this afternoon, October 19, the news ticker in my office broke off in the middle of a sober stock market report and began printing pure gibberish. Now, our well-known old friend, the Perversity of Inanimate Things, usually leads tickers astray when there is something of more than especial importance to be communicated.

The London Bureau of the New York "Tribune" does not pride itself on its mechanical skill, but it does know that by poking various levers and twiddling thumbscrews recalcitrant tickers can sometimes be brought to reason. In this case the operation was completed just in time for the following fragment to appear:

". . . said that whether by his own fault or by the force of circumstances Mr. Lloyd George had lost the confidence of the country."

That, following a previous announcement that Mr. Bonar Law was speaking before the hurriedly summoned Conservative meeting at the Carlton Club, could mean only one thing: Lloyd George would have to go. He may come back again; at this moment of writing the British political situation is in a worse muddle than it has been for years.

I am concerned now more with the method of his passing from the Premiership than with his political future.

First of all, let me say that the political developments of to-day, the most important date in English history since the armistice, have passed virtually unnoticed by the public at large. The newspapers to-night are jammed with the happenings of a brief six hours, but there are not two hundred people in London who have witnessed any appreciable part of these events. A strange and analysis-defying race, this, which will turn out ten thousand people to watch its Prime Minister entering an international conference, and not a handful to witness his downfall!

Perhaps it is because crisis has succeeded crisis in such kaleidoscopic succession this afternoon and evening that the street crowds have not been able to keep up. However that may be, attention to the drama would have well repaid them, for drama there was in plenty, both on the stage and off.

The action started this morning at the Carlton Club, a grimy granite structure in Pall Mall. Shortly after ten o'clock motor cars began to roll up with Conservatives to attend the meeting called by Mr. Austen Chamberlain to decide the future of the party. There were such well-known figures as Chamberlain, Birkenhead, and Balfour (the latter arriving on foot, and displaying delighted surprise when the small crowd recognized and cheered him); and then came what seemed an infinity of old gentlemen in silk hats and morning coats; ancients with venerable beards and halting steps; semi-invalids who had virtually to be carried up the steps of the club. One had hardly imagined that there were so many survivors of the traditional Tory type; one wished that the late Henry Adams might have been there to see and to comment.

A violently agitated man hurried down the club steps. He was J. M. Erskine, a "Diehard" or extreme Conservative, who had not been invited to the meeting because he did not support the Coalition, who had announced his intention of attending notwithstanding, and who had been ejected. Rather white of face, he proceeded to give free expression of his feelings to the newspaper men who hurried forward. Finally he disappeared.

Two hours passed, and most of the waiting crowd melted away. Another hour, and all but a few conscientious journalists had gone to lunch. Then suddenly the glass doors of the club opened and Sir Philip Sassoon dashed out and into his car. The others who had attended the meeting followed. To newspaper agency reporters who entered the aristocratic precincts of the club an under-official who still seemed surprised announced that the meeting had voted 186 to 87 that the Conservative Party should go to the coming election as a unit. In other words, the Coalition was dead.

The scene shifted to Downing Street, cheerless under the lash of a wind that betokened March rather than October, and under a sodden gray sky. Rolls-Royce and Daimler limousines were parked at the cul-de-sac at the end of the short street; one knew that behind the drab walls of No. 10 Downing Street Cabinet Ministers must be resigning and history being made; yet the only spectators were the inevitable knot of journalists.

By four o'clock perhaps fifty curious sightseers had gathered near the Whitehall end of the street. I have seen Downing Street packed from curb to curb when some minor foreign notable has chanced to be visiting the Prime Minister.

At 4:10 a gleaming limousine detached itself from the knot of parked motor cars and drew up in front of No. 10. Into it from the house there stepped Sir Edward Grigg, one of the Premier's secretaries. He was followed by Mr. Lloyd George himself, who stopped halfway across the narrow pavement to pose for photographers. He was smiling pleasantly, and it was not at all a forced expression, if one's eyes can be trusted at ten feet.

The car swung into Whitehall to the accompaniment of a faint cheer from the faithful fifty. Obviously, he was going to Buckingham Palace to resign.

A swiftly commandeered taxi bore one through the Mall in time to see the Prime Minister's car pass through the palace gates without even a salute from the sentries on guard. It entered the courtyard, was lost to sight, and shortly reappeared, to be parked in an inconspicuous corner. So far as could be seen, there was not a single person near the Palace who would not have been there in the ordinary course of his traveling.

Long before the Rolls-Royce returned to Downing Street, the afternoon papers were announcing that the visit to the King must mean a resignation. Still no crowds, no cheering.

Darkness came to Downing Street, and journalists from half a world hung about the portals of the Premier's house. We shivered in the keen wind and wished, in the words of one impatient chap, that they would hurry their blinking funeral and get it over.

And then one passed with the crowd into the reception hall, adorned with its mounted heads of deer and antelope, and with a couple of golf bags carelessly propped in a corner. The bald-headed doorkeeper, who has never in living memory been cheerful, seemed more morose than ever.

A head, surmounted by a thatch of red hair, popped through the swinging doors leading to the interior of the building. It belonged to Mr. G. H. Shakespeare, another of the Premier's secretaries.

"If you'll filter in to my room, I'll be with you in a minute," it announced cheerily, and withdrew.

The room was some twenty feet square, and there were at least fifty men in it. The atmosphere became stifling; the telephone rang incessantly, making every one nervous because there was no one to answer it; and still nothing happened.

At length there was a stir among those journalists nearest the door. Mr. Shakespeare entered, calmly puffing a long brier pipe, and smiling. He carefully balanced himself on his heels on the ledge surmounting the hearth of an open fire.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, easily, "the Prime Minister has resigned, and has advised the King to send for Mr. Bonar Law."

Nobody spoke. Somehow there seemed nothing to say at the moment, although obviously there were a dozen questions to be asked for further information.

"And I," observed Shakespeare, cheer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily, after two thoughtful puffs at his pipe, "am out of a job."

Then every one laughed, and the hail of questions began. Every few moments some one, satisfied for the time being, would hurry out to telephone to his office. Then the farewells, and a scurry down the short length of Downing Street for taxis from the rank in Whitehall. (Incidentally, there were none.)

One who lingered stopped behind the wooden barricades at the end of the street (erected when Sinn Fein outrages were feared) to charge and light his pipe. The single policeman on duty there strolled over.

"Is it true he's resigned, sir?" he asked, recognizing the journalist.

"Yes; that's right."

"So the P. M.'s gone," he observed, meditatively. "Well, he did 'is bit. Rather blustery to-night, sir."

When the journalist looked back, Downing Street was deserted.

THE FASCISTI

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM BRUNO ROSELLI

I WAS having lunch at Valiani's—that Roman institution which proves the superiority of the Eternal City over every other metropolis by being the only station restaurant in the world where food does not taste like station restaurant food—when I saw a Fascista who was standing by the door make a sign to another Fascista on the other side of the avenue. I lifted my head from a dish of *carciofini*, or young artichokes (the most dastardly and delectable vegetable infanticide in history) to watch the powwow which ensued. It was excited but short. Then the first Fascista extracted a whistle from his capacious belt, put it to his lips, and blew.

Here a young man who was sipping a glass of lemonade at an itinerant fountain gulped down what there was left and came running; there a lower middle-class family which was tugging its baggage toward the station hurriedly concentrated all the parcels into the hands of the women and children while the two men hastened to the call; farther back another black-shirted devil kissed his girl good-by and darted toward us. Another Fascista (I know not to this day whether waiter, cook, or customer) brushed past my table, ran out of the door, and was soon lost in the scuffling group of fifteen or twenty who ran yelling toward two young Romans with red neckties and carnations who had been ostentatiously displaying the "Avanti"—the Socialist paper against which the Fascismo has declared war to the finish. With one wild dash, shouting *"A noi!"* the Fascisti made for them; ten, fifteen canes landed on the Socialists' heads, their clothes were torn, their noses badly smashed, the copies of the "Avanti" burned like torches by waving hands; one minute later the victors were ready to sing the first stanza of their superb hymn, "Oh, youth, oh, youth, springtime of beauty," and then disbanded. It was time for the police and the ambulance to arrive.

"Giovinezza, giovinezza—Primavera di bellezza. . . ." When had the world last witnessed such scenes in which cruelty and romance were so closely entwined? When, in other words, had Italy been so young? Those lines had a familiar flavor. Oh, yes! *"Quant' è bella giovinezza—Che si fugge tuttavia!"* (How beautiful is youth which is forever in flight!) sang Lorenzo de' Medici in an age which certainly lacked neither romance nor cruelty. And just as the world, this practical and "law-abiding" world, casts longing eyes toward the Florence of the Medici, so it cannot help being thrilled by the daring and lenient toward the crimes of this organization of young or youthful men who are rejuvenating Italy by all methods, including the drawing of blood.

A black shirt of a negligée type, wide open at the neck, adorned with all the war decorations, embroidered with defiant mottoes and, often, skull and crossbones; a broad belt, so capacious as to hold and conceal any such objects, harmless or otherwise, as are carried in the vest or coat pockets of the ordinary man; knee trousers, military in style, in fact, usually left over from army days, as were the gray-green puttees below them; no headgear, even in the hottest sun or the stormiest night (the head being protected only by a wild mass of hair eight or ten inches long, thrown back occasionally by comb and brush, and incessantly by the hand and a defiant shaking of the head); a heavy stick, his principal and often his only weapon—a stick which two years ago was straight and carried by a cord hanging from the man's wrist, and is to-day curved at the top, knotty, club-like, and decidedly businesslike. Such is the Fascista whom one meets to-day everywhere in Italy. Strange to say, the least conspicuous of the many symbols worn by him are the lictors' fasces with the ax, the earliest and basic insignia from which he took his name, and on which he relied for the prestige that Italians are ever ready to associate with hallowed memories.

Started as an organization of World War veterans, the swift course of events in Italy and the restlessness of the country itself, where political changes are notoriously chameleon-like, has transformed it into the chief molder of Italy's destinies, a whip for ultra-conservative and ultra-liberal alike, an organization for the defense of legality which uses illegal methods and prevents the law from applying to itself. Turning their eyes away from the primeval administration of Fascisti justice, yet hailing its effects in their country's return to normalcy, the Italians are pursuing a course apparently incongruous, but in reality clear to observers of conditions in that mystifying and often chaotic country. "I had always believed that there are no necessary evils," said one such person to me, "but as an Italian I must now admit that the Fascismo is one."

The Fascisti have come to stay. Many people, and among them a quantity of well-informed Italians, had at first considered the movement a freak, or a passing political fad, arising from a sense of rebellion against the "Reds" who had been given a chance to run the country a couple of years ago, and who, while plainly showing that they could not do it, seemed bent on letting no one else do it. But at the end of two troubled years we see their leader, Benito Mussolini, at the head of an organization numbering not less than half a million volunteers, "minute men" all of them, spreading like wildfire from the northern cities away into the southern countryside, hitherto inaccessible to outside influences; making and unmaking Cabinets, forcing this and that international policy, righting wrongs by Robin Hood methods, dictating conditions of their co-operation with the King, and quietly discussing the most feasible way of marching upon Rome in case they are disturbed in their process of "supplying Italy with a Government."

For that is exactly what they are doing. Professor Reinach, the famous art critic, in discussing the form of the Gothic church, says that it needs the flying buttress because its main body is so weak owing to great height and numerous windows, that "it is like an animal, part of whose skeleton should be outside his body." So in the weird and much-hated animal called the Italian Government the *teeth* were missing; the Fascisti provided them—and neatly do they bite.

I discussed at the time, here[1] and elsewhere, the reasons which made the Italian "proletariat" so active and bitter a couple of years ago; and everybody remembers how the Italian Government, still sore from the blows received in

[1] See "The Italian 'Lock-in,'" in the issue of November 10, 1920.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris by war-time partners, had to turn around and deal with one of the most delicate politico-economic problems, workmen's *controllo* and Socialistic occupation of the factories. The ultimate victory of what we shall call, for the sake of brevity, the "element of order" (the stereotyped phrase is "law and order," but the law had to be sacrificed to bring about order) was only achieved by the most amazing avoidance of force, the most portentous ignoring of facts and waiving of provocations known in the history of modern government. Contrary to the view of alarmists, the house of Savoy remained in the saddle; but it seemed sometimes as if the real power of King Victor Emmanuel III over Italy were to be as important as his power over Jerusalem, of which city he is also nominally the King. Had the "Reds" ruled in his stead, with a hand as wise and more firm, people differing in political views, but equally concerned with the good of the Italian nation, would have been willing to see them hold the reins of government. I *think* I would, for instance; and I *know* that that very democratic soldier Victor Emmanuel of Savoy certainly would. But they achieved nothing: partly because of the lack of governing experience in the masses, which makes yelling demagogues of most would-be reformers; partly because Italy is not so situated, geographically and industrially, that she can try economic revolutions all alone. The truth is that Italy remained without a *de facto* government from the end of 1920 to the end of 1921.

Then Benito Mussolini, the type of a politician so seldom found in America, a quiet, scholarly man transformed by circumstances into an organizer and a dauntless fighter, appeared on the scene. Was Italy tired of people who talked and did not act? He would act—and lose precious little time in explaining to people just how or why. Had the "Reds" lost themselves in lengthy arguments as to how and how much to organize? He would merely have one organization—the military organization of the army in war time. Had the Italy of 1920 fought over the question of how much each man should be rewarded for working as little as possible or loafing on the job? Mussolini borrowed from Garibaldi the famous sentence, "I promise you hunger, struggles, and death," and assured his followers that they must go to meet the greatest dangers without any hope of pecuniary reward—in fact, leaving their jobs for a raid on a moment's notice as often as necessary, and having only the moral support of the Fascismo to persuade their employers of the inadvisability of discharging them for obeying Mussolini rather than themselves.

How many are the Fascisti? A conservative estimate places them at 500,000; but they are increasing all the time, having lately obtained a large contingent of recruits from Naples and its hinterland, a fact which makes the Fascismo, born and developed in the north, a more nation-wide organization. Indeed, one of the problems of the Fascisti nowadays has become that of purging their ranks of undesirable elements of two kinds: the riffraff which wished to cover its longing for crime and blood with a political veil, and the members of formerly "Red" labor organizations which, having been converted overnight from their Socialistic creed, would like to be accepted *in toto* by Fascismo, while that youthful and impetuous *partito di avanguardia* can only use the pick of such ranks: the young, healthy, high-minded, resolute leaders. The Fascista must be a spiritual aristocrat.

Such are the people who paralyzed in a few hours the Italian general strike of last August—a strike which was intended to prevent 20,000,000 workers from keeping Italy going, and was to have affected stores, trains, factories, mails, telegraphs, hotels, street cars, telephones, schools, banks, newspapers, steamers, light and water supply, restaurants, street cleaning, electricity, abattoirs, lunatic asylums, carriages, milk deliveries, cemeteries, ambulances, hospitals; the most appalling cessation of civilized life.

I was at Gardone, on Lake Garda, ready for an interview with Gabriele d'Annunzio, when the strike was declared; declared, incidentally, in a way unworthy of real men—by having the General Federation of Labor appoint a secret Strike Committee, which gave the *anonymous* order to strike! I rushed toward Florence by the few means still available to be near my old parents when all services would stop and helpless people would be dependent on their healthy relatives. But a few hours later the Fascisti were in control. Black shirts were either running trains or riding by twos with every engineer to "protect him from being intimidated." They ran the trolleys; in short, they took complete charge of every public service. Stores would be forced open; either the owner wanted to be there to do business, or the store would stay open, anyway! At the Bologna station I saw little signs with these words: "Strikers! The Government forgives; *we don't*. Within a week not one of you will be left in Bologna. We mean it, and you know it." Of course this is arrogance of the purest type; and yet the people who have been chafing for years and years under an incompetent, smooth, bureaucratic, soulless legality made up of revenue stamps and lawyers' cavils, feel that these youths who challenge the universe are playing the rôle of Prometheus unbound; and they are as carried away as the audience at a melodrama when the young hero murders the technically guiltless villain. "They take human lives," I can hear you say. Well, yes. The great Italia has now forty million of these human lives, and through poverty of soil, inaneness of statesmen, late start in the race for colonization, and greed of neighbors she was dangerously near losing her own life when the Fascisti came. They do take the lives of a few Italians (mostly renegade) in order to give real life to Italy herself. Perhaps this sounds shocking to Anglo-Saxons; but it is funny how more leniently you look at things ultimately right, yet themselves cruel, when you were born and brought up on the Continent of Europe. One has only to look at Americans traveling through Italy to notice the difference; they are invariably scared by the savage appearance of Fascisti; and, although rather vague concerning the aims of the movement, they seem to agree that it must be Socialistic or Anarchistic. One hates to draw the conclusion that Americans are so incorrigibly conservative that anything unconventional appears "Red." And so little has been known even in "best-informed" circles about the movemen that a leading New York daily wrote some time ago that one of the constantly recurring Trieste riots had been led by "a young Italian nationalist, Mr. Fascisti." Even to this day, after Fascismo has loomed large in two out of three news items from Italy, it is not infrequent to have people remark on the similarity of it with the Ku Klux Klan, from which it differs in every particular, especially in its attitude toward publicity, the Fascismo being an incorrigible advertiser of its members and its doings, while the wily Klan covers its traces in true cisatlantic style.

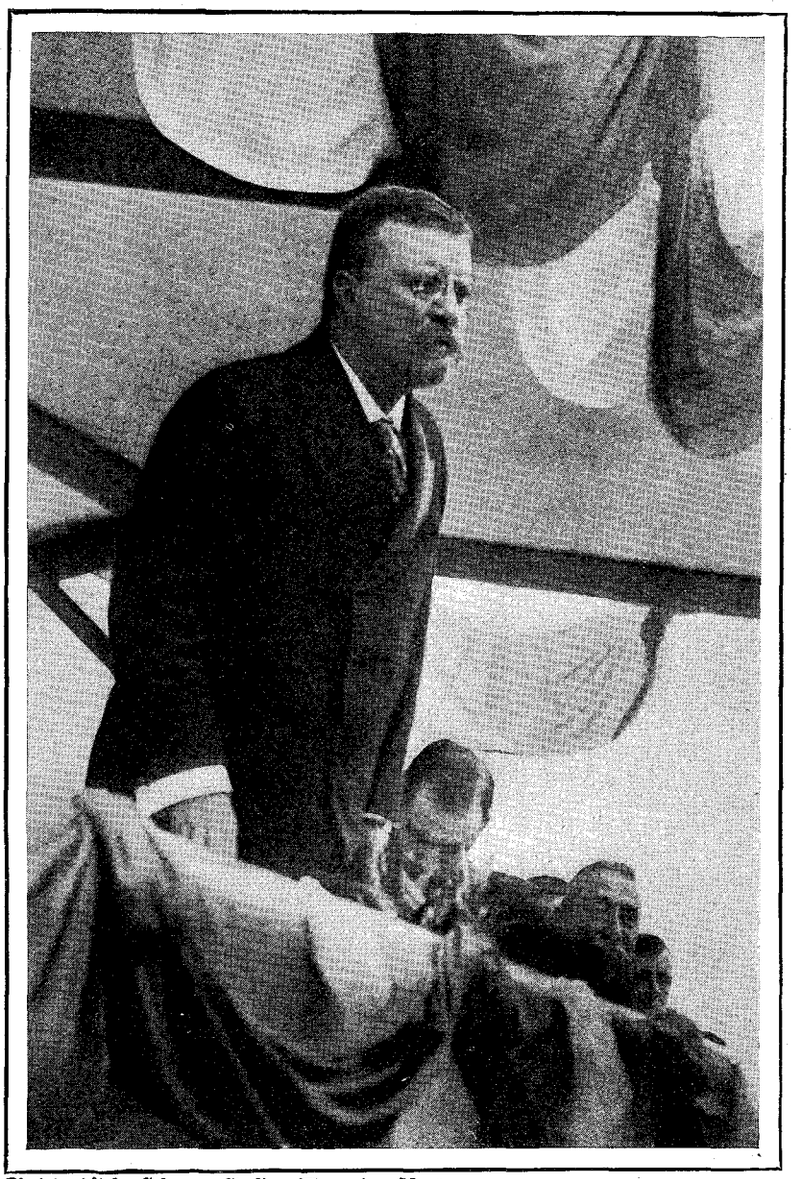
As I finish writing this article, I am told that the Facta Ministry (long on the fence, but planning to become anti-Fascista) has finally been brought down, and that Mussolini is to go to Rome to form a Ministry. Mussolini ought to avoid being lured into forming one, or at least into staying in one long after he has formed it. If that leading figure of modern Italian politics is wise, he ought to put a pro-Fascista politician in the saddle and watch him closely, but do nothing more. Fascismo would then go down into history as the only whip which has made the Italian maverick behave. It must avoid becoming a mere political party, no matter how strong, no matter how well represented in Parliament. Its enemies are drawing it nearer and nearer Montecitorio, knowing full well that, while it could easily achieve a triumph at first by becoming the leading political party, it would be its swan song—for the simple reason that its strength lies in its anti-demagogic methods and frankly undemocratic, unrepresentative organization. An army does not profit by having soldiers' councils and officers elected from their ranks! Italy (and is Italy alone in this?) has been fed for one hundred and fifty years on beautiful words; and it is my humble opinion that she is increasingly willing to exchange all of her empty victories for a handful of real leaders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER X—THE PROGRESSIVES



Photograph by Schervee Studios, Worcester, Mass.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Roosevelt had flung himself into the campaign with all the force of his tremendous vigor and energy, and gave to it a dynamic impulse that grew in intensity as he progressed through the country"

IN the torrential flood of American politics two main currents are continuously perceptible. One may be generally described as professional, mechanical, and ruled by the accomplished and consummate selfishness of invisible forces. The other, while more genuine in spirit, is often amateurish in effort; it is more spontaneous; it is kindled by emotions of revolt; it sees mankind, not as masses to be exploited and profited by, but as individuals to be set freer to express themselves socially and economically. It strives to restate the better aspirations of men generally, and to mitigate some of the pressure that civilization imposes upon them.

It is not the province of the historian to moralize. It is his business to trace the changing currents of human thought and to produce accurate pictures of men in action. And so, in touching on the Progressives, I shall endeavor to give some indication of the mental processes that shaped their cause and to depict some of the dramatic scenes that carried their cause into action. Many of these scenes I was able to observe closely. In a sense, I may have figured more definitely than I realized at the time in kindling their cause into smoke and flame.

On November 17, 1910, the New York Chamber of Commerce held its 142d annual banquet at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. The speakers were Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts; Governor Horace White, of New York; Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York City; and myself. The president of the Chamber, the late A. Barton Hepburn, presided. My subject was "American Prestige," and I could not refrain from referring to the great extent to which American influence and prestige had been advanced by Roosevelt. There was instant and prolonged applause at the mention of Roosevelt's name, clearly showing that his political influence was not dead, contrary to the ideas of many who thought so because the election of a few days before had shown sweeping Democratic gains and the defeat of Roosevelt's candidate for Governor, Henry L. Stimson. When the banquet was over, Senator Lodge said to me that if the political opponents of Roosevelt could have seen the enthusiasm with which his name was applauded they would realize that even in New York he was as much alive as ever.

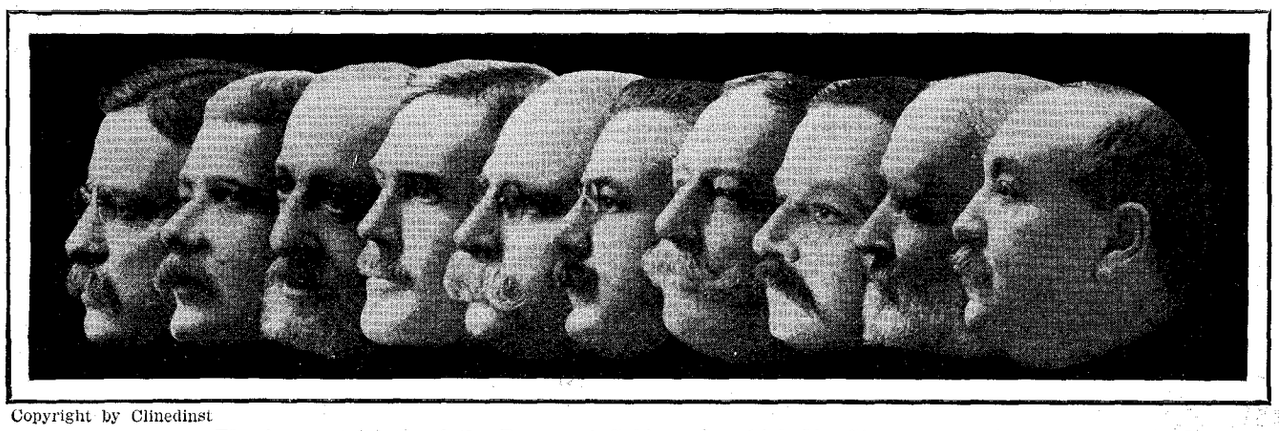
AT WAR AGAINST "INVISIBLE POWERS"

When I met Roosevelt in Cairo on his way back from Africa it was clear to me from his conversation that he did not propose accepting any nomination, although there was a demand that he re-enter public life as either Governor of New York or United States Senator.

Roosevelt was so loyal a Republican that his opponents constantly chided him for going along with the bosses and at the same time advocating reforms. He used to reply that he did and would continue to co-operate with the bosses so long as they went his way. His aim from the time he entered public life was to make the party always more responsive to its highest ideals; and from the beginning he worked against the "invisible powers" or boss rule. By word and deed all through his life he showed an independence and moral courage that careless observers might often have mistaken for headlong impetuosity. No one could know him without recognizing that he was broad-minded, liberal, and inherently progressive.

When he arrived home from abroad in June, 1910, he found the Republican party disrupted. The dissatisfaction and impatience of the liberals was distinctly evident. By 1912 Taft had allowed himself to become so thoroughly identified with the reactionaries that the large independent element had not only become unenthusiastic, but decidedly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by Clinedinst

The famous picture of the Roosevelt Cabinet, in which Mr. Straus was Secretary of Commerce and Labor, prior to the events recorded in this chapter. Left to right, the men in the picture are: President Roosevelt, and Messrs. Root, Straus, Garfield, Metcalf, Cortelyou, Taft, Meyer, Wilson, and Bonaparte

hostile to the Administration. In his Winona speech President Taft had ranked himself on the side of those leaders in the party who opposed real tariff reform. In his famous Norton letter he had even gone so far as to imply, if not expressly to admit, that Federal patronage had been used against the progressives in Congress.

The progressive element was therefore casting about for a candidate who represented the liberal wing of the party for nomination at the National Republican Convention at Chicago in June. Roosevelt's office at The Outlook was daily crowded with liberal leaders who had come to urge him to "throw his hat in the ring," to use one of his own picturesque expressions. This demand grew and spread until finally came an appeal from the Governors of Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

WHY ROOSEVELT WAS DEFEATED IN 1912

Roosevelt one day at the offices of The Outlook handed me the galley proof of a speech he was to make before the Constitutional Convention at Columbus, Ohio. He called it "The Charter of Democracy." I went into Dr. Abbott's office and carefully read the speech. In it Roosevelt advocated, among other reforms such as the short ballot and the initiative and referendum, the recall of judicial decisions. When I came to that subject, I confess I was shocked, and so expressed myself to one of the editors of The Outlook; as I remember it, it was Dr. Abbott himself. Compelled to keep another appointment, I left the office, saying that I should return later.

Upon my return I met Roosevelt just as he was going out.

"I hear you don't like my speech," he said to me.

"I like your speech; I think it is fine; all but that portion of it which refers to the recall of judicial decisions," I answered. I started to give my reasons, but, seeing that he was pressed for time, I said: "I should like to discuss that matter with you, provided your mind is open on the subject." To my great surprise, he said that he had thought the subject over very carefully, and frankly told me that he had come to a definite decision on it.

That was so unlike the Roosevelt I knew in the many discussions I had had with him, when invariably I found his mind responsive, that I was quite disappointed and somewhat taken aback. But I did not want him to feel that I had joined the ranks of the many who had parted political company with him because he had made it known that he would accept another nomination for President, and so, on reaching my office, I wrote him a letter, briefly explaining why I objected to his statements regarding the recall of judicial decisions. I assured him that on that account I did not part from him politically, for, after all, I agreed with him more than with any other candidate who might possibly be named.

The birth and development of the Progressive party is of course an element of National history that has often been detailed. Roosevelt's candidacy and defeat have been variously analyzed, but I believe now, as I believed in 1912, that but for this unfortunate statement regarding judicial decisions Roosevelt would have been re-elected President in 1912.

"UNTIL BROKEN AND CAST ASIDE"

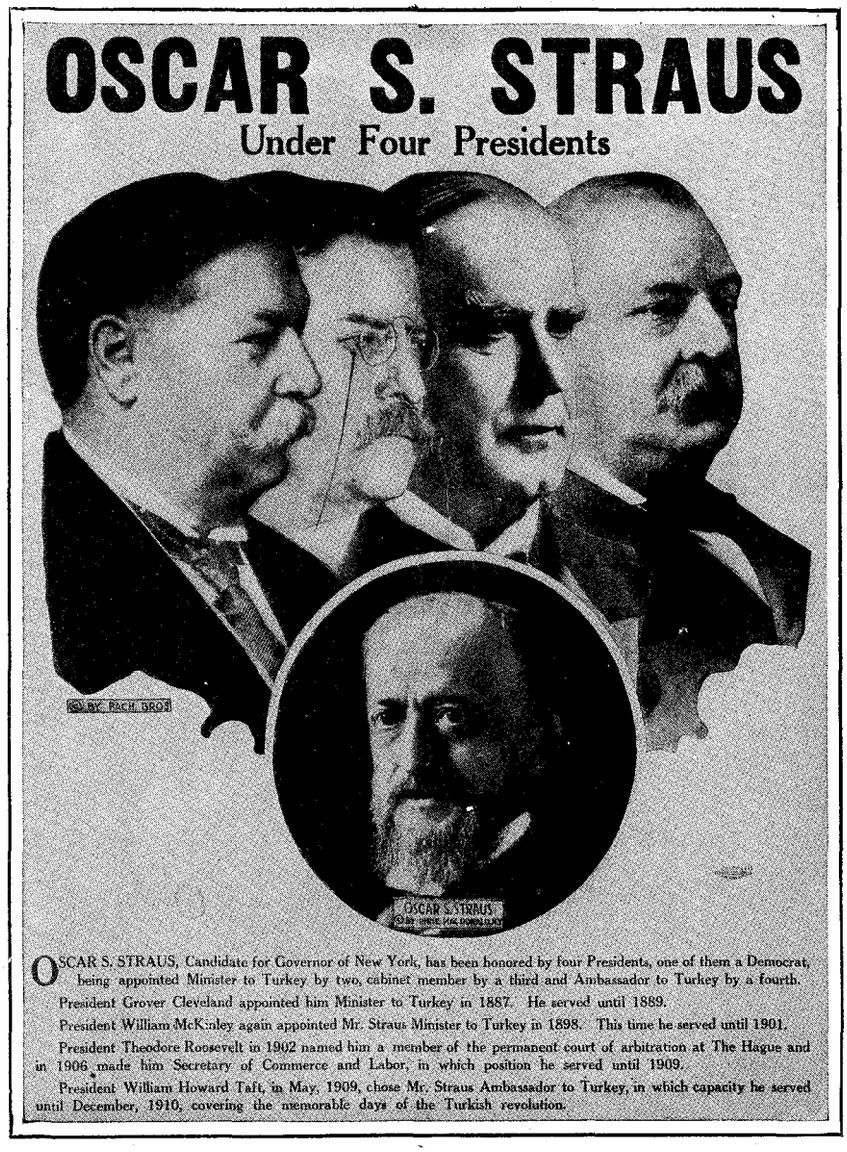
Shortly after the Columbus speech Roosevelt delivered, on March 20, 1912, at Carnegie Hall, New York, what was in many respects the most forceful and eloquent address I ever heard him make. He graphically described his dedication to his ideals of democracy:

> Our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing. In order to succeed, we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls.
>
> The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won.
>
> If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government into government by plutocracy or government by a mob would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead. We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in the spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose, above all, in a spirit of kindly justice towards every man and every woman.

A month after the meeting of the National Convention of the Progressive party, popularly called the "Bull Moose Convention," which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President and Hiram W. Johnson for Vice-President, the New York State Convention of the Progressive party met at Syracuse, in the Arena.

All during the first day and night, amid lively discussion as to the selection of candidates for Governor, committees urged me for permission to present my name as a candidate; but I steadfastly declined, since the Governorship, being so largely a political office, did not appeal to me. I was neither by training nor by temperament a politician, although I had taken active part in campaigns for many years, both local and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OSCAR S. STRAUS, Candidate for Governor of New York, has been honored by four Presidents, one of them a Democrat, being appointed Minister to Turkey by two, cabinet member by a third and Ambassador to Turkey by a fourth.

President Grover Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey in 1887. He served until 1889.

President William McKinley again appointed Mr. Straus Minister to Turkey in 1898. This time he served until 1901.

President Theodore Roosevelt in 1902 named him a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague and in 1906 made him Secretary of Commerce and Labor, in which position he served until 1909.

President William Howard Taft, in May, 1909, chose Mr. Straus Ambassador to Turkey, in which capacity he served until December, 1910, covering the memorable days of the Turkish revolution.

One of the campaign posters used during Mr. Straus's candidacy for the Governorship of New York in 1912. The present serial takes its title from a phrase coined during that campaign

National. The next day I was asked to take the permanent chairmanship of the Convention. This I was willing and glad to do; also it was a foregone conclusion that acceptance of the chairmanship excluded me as a candidate for the nomination for Governor.

LIKE AN ENORMOUS TOWN MEETING

The Arena was filled with about seven thousand delegates and members of the new Progressive party. The air was surcharged with the spirit of the new movement—the genuine enthusiasm of men and women of character and standing from every county in the State, and among them a great many ministers, professors, reformers, and leaders of benevolent and charitable movements. There was a conspicuous absence of the professional politician. Indeed, that Convention had more the character of a town meeting than of a cut-and-dried political convention.

On September 6 I took my gavel in hand and called the meeting to order. The first business before the Convention was the nomination of a candidate for Governor. The outstanding candidates for nomination were William H. Hotchkiss, one of the organizers of the Progressive party and chairman of the National Committee, and William A. Prendergast, Comptroller of the City of New York, who had made the speech nominating Roosevelt for President at the Chicago Convention. A deadlock between these two candidates ensued.

After Yates County had been heard from, a tall, gaunt young man towered to his feet and asked to be heard; he was from the Fifteenth Manhattan District, and he had a nomination to make. It was not quite in order, though the spirit of the Convention was to give each man a chance. While I was hesitating about recognizing him, there seemed to be a general desire that he be given an opportunity to speak, so I gave him five minutes.

He looked fantastic as he strode to the platform and faced the audience. His manner was somewhat bizarre. He burst forth in dramatic fashion as follows:

> Fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen: I have just come down from Vermont. I ask you people at this Convention to make no mistake. We want to put a man up for Governor that no man will be afraid to cast his vote for, against whom there can be no charge leveled of misconduct of any kind, one who can sweep the State from Montauk Point to Lake Erie, and carry every man of every race, religion, and creed; a man whose name is known throughout the civilized world; a man the mention of whose name brings a tear of sympathy to the eye of almost every man and woman in the civilized land; a man whose name, wherever men are found with red blood in their veins, irrespective of race, religion, and creed, will be carried thundering throughout the State to victory.
>
> There is no chance for defeat with this man at the head of the ticket—

"Who is your candidate?" cried impatient listeners.

"What's his name?"

"Name your candidate!"

In sudden answer to these cries from the Convention, the speaker exclaimed:

> I nominate the illustrious and honorable Oscar S. Straus.

During the long, terrific applause that followed, the delegate stood awkwardly waiting for a chance to finish. Finally he went on:

> We should take no chances in this fight. I could not say one undeserved word if I used the entire dictionary in praise of the other nominees, Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Prendergast; but, gentlemen, Mr. Prendergast or Mr. Hotchkiss would cause friction in the State. We want no friction in this election. We want success and victory.
>
> There is not a newspaper editor in the State of New York that would any more assassinate the character of Oscar S. Straus than he would assassinate the character of his own mother.
>
> Gentlemen, remember! Remember that Rome was saved by the cackle of geese. I have no political prestige, but I warn and charge you, put up a man for candidate for Governor who cannot and will not be defeated. Make no mistake about Oscar S. Straus. You will make no mistake in putting him up as your candidate, and you will capture victory and success. No man has had better distinction at home and abroad than Mr. Straus. I ask you to vote for him.

The moment he finished, a stampede started. The entire hall assumed the aspect of a good-natured bedlam. There was cheering and applause, and many of the delegates began marching round that big auditorium, brandishing the banners of their counties, singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and breaking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out in the end with "Straus! Straus! We want Straus!"

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

I pounded the desk with the gavel, I shook my head in the negative, but to no avail. The noise lasted fully twenty minutes.

The picturesque young man who had precipitated this scene was John G. McGee, known among his colleagues as "Suspender Jack." He had been a member of the mounted police of New York City.

Meanwhile Mr. Hotchkiss and several other leaders came to the platform and insisted upon my accepting. They even brought Mrs. Straus up, with the hope of getting her to exert her persuasive powers. There was no alternative; I had to accept.

Mr. Hotchkiss announced my acceptance, and immediately former Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff announced the withdrawal of Mr. Prendergast and moved to make the nomination unanimous by acclamation. That produced more shouting, cheering, and waving of banners. It was a touching manifestation and an unexpected honor. I made a brief speech of acceptance, during which I found it difficult to hide the effect of all this demonstration.

The next morning the Convention named for Lieutenant-Governor Frederick M. Davenport, who was Professor of Law and Politics at Hamilton College and had made an admirable record in the State Legislature. The ticket was then quickly completed and the Convention closed.

Roosevelt was in the Far West conducting his own campaign, and wrote me from Spokane:

September 8, 1912.

Dear Straus:

When I left New York I had expected Prendergast to be nominated and there were certain reasons, which I think you know, why I felt that, as a matter of principle, his nomination should be made.

But there was a still further principle involved, and that was that in this Convention the people should have their own way; and, upon my word, I am inclined to think that it was a new illustration of the fact that the wisdom of *all* of us is better than the wisdom of any of us. Having in view the effect, not only in New York but the country at large, I think that your nomination stands second only to that of Hiram Johnson as Vice-President, from the standpoint of strengthening the ticket. If the only result of the next election were to place you in as Governor of New York, I should be inclined to think that the Progressive party had justified itself.

My dear fellow, I am overjoyed; I congratulate you with all my heart. Give my love to dear Mrs. Straus and to Roger and your two daughters and all the grandchildren.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(C) Underwood

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus at their summer home at Tarrytown, New York, during Mr. Straus's campaign for Governor

A few days thereafter he gave out the following interview:

Next in importance to the nomination of the Vice-President is the nomination for Governor of New York. And it seems to me that Hiram Johnson and Oscar Straus symbolize what this movement stands for. One is an ex-Republican, the other an ex-Democrat; they both stand for what is highest in American citizenship.

Mr. Straus is not merely a high-minded and able man, a man of incorruptible integrity and great ability, but also a man who has kept abreast of the great movement from which sprang the Progressive party. He is eminently fitted to be one of the leaders in this movement. On every point of our platform he represents an intense earnestness of conviction for all the things for which we stand. His attitude toward business, his attitude toward the complicated and the vitally important social and economic problems which are dealt with in our plank concerning social and industrial justice; in short, his whole position on governmental matters has been such as to warrant our saying that he is already in practice applying the very principles which we preach.

New York State has a right to be proud of the fact that in this first State Convention of the people themselves Mr. Straus's nomination was, in the most emphatic sense, a nomination by the people themselves, a nomination representing the desire of the people to have the very best man take the office, although that man was himself sincerely desirous to escape having to take it.

I have known Mr. Straus intimately ever since I was Governor of New York. When he was in my Cabinet, I leaned much upon him, and a more loyal and disinterested friend no man could have, and, what is more important, no man could have a more loyal, disinterested, and sanely zealous supporter. As head of the Department of Commerce and Labor Mr. Straus himself, by study and administration of the law, was one of those who reached conclusions as to the needs of our handling of the Anti-Trust and Inter-State Commerce and similar laws, which I set forth in Message after Message to Congress, and which were substantially embodied in the Progressive platform; and in his attitude toward labor, toward immigration, toward the duty both of public and private employees, he foreshadowed that part of the Progressive platform which has dealt with these same matters.

Moreover, by his disinterestedness, his unselfish devotion to the cause of good government and of sound progressive doctrine for economic and social reform, and by his willingness personally to sacrifice his own interests to those of the cause he espouses, he is, I am happy to say, typical of all men who are in the new movement.

The Republicans telegraphed me to inquire whether I would accept the Republican nomination. They feared that with three candidates in the field the State would go Democratic. One of my managers favored my acceptance, which would without doubt have meant election. But my chief adviser, Chairman Hotchkiss, agreed with me that my accepting the Republican nomination, without the indorsement by the Republicans of the Progressive platform, would destroy the Progressive party in the State, if not throughout the country. I therefore replied that I could not accept a nomination that did not mean an indorsement and acceptance of the platform on which I stood.

On hearing of this, Roosevelt telegraphed me from Memphis: "Three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheers for you. You are a perfect trump and you always do the right thing."

STUMPING THE STATE

The Republican candidate was Job E. Hedges, a brilliant member of the New York bar. The Democrats nominated William Sulzer, and Tammany Hall sanctioned the selection because he was considered a good opponent who would attract the Jewish vote. But our politicians make no greater mistake than to believe that there is such a thing as a Jewish group vote. However, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, Sulzer had taken a prominent part in the abrogation of our treaty with Russia, and during the campaign the slogan, "Non-Jewish but pro-Jewish," was designed to bring him the support of the mass of Jewish voters in addition to the regular Democratic vote.

On the whole, the campaign was conducted with dignity on all sides. There was a noticeable absence of vilification of candidates and general mud-slinging between the camps, as is too often the case in keenly contested elections. My managers arranged for me to make addresses in every county and almost every city throughout the State. I had a special car in which traveled, besides myself and wife, Mr. Davenport, and several other speakers, a dozen or more reporters from the leading papers.

I traveled for seven weeks, making ten to fifteen speeches every day except Sundays, including short talks at stations and from the rear platform of my car. So many clergymen took part in the campaign that frequently the meetings were opened with a prayer. Many of the meetings were spontaneous, emphasizing the crusading spirit so characteristic of the campaign.

One of my slogans was that I was the "unbossed candidate of the unbossed people." One day up in the northern part of the State I was speaking on a raised platform in the open, and, as usual, my time was limited by the train schedule. A member of the Committee told my wife, who was sitting behind me, that the train would leave in a few minutes, and that it was time for me to stop, and just as I got to the middle of the phrase, "unbossed candidate—" she pulled my coat tail as a signal for me to stop. At that moment I was quite evidently not the "unbossed candidate" that I professed to be, and the audience laughed and cheered with amusement. I think that bit of bossing, however, did not cost me any votes.

Mr. Davenport proved himself a most effective campaign speaker. Another effective orator in our party for a short time was Bainbridge Colby, who discharged with great distinction the important duties of Secretary of State during the last year of the Wilson Administration. At Oneonta and at one or two other places while I was taking a much-needed rest, the crowds had gathered and were calling for me. Mr. Colby, without being introduced, responded for me, and the audiences were left with the impression that they had listened to me. My cause certainly did not suffer by my being so admirably represented, or perhaps I should say advantageously misrepresented.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF ROOSEVELT

Roosevelt in the meantime had flung himself into the campaign with all the force of his tremendous vigor and energy, and gave to it a dynamic impulse that grew in intensity as he progressed through the country. In October he started on his final tour through the Middle West, and it was while on this trip that he was shot by a lunatic just as he was leaving his hotel to make a speech in the Auditorium in Milwaukee. The incident, tragic in itself, was made dramatic by his heroism. With the bullet in his breast and his clothes soaked with blood, disregarding the entreaties of his companions, he went on to the Auditorium and spoke for more than an hour. To him nothing counted except the triumph of the principles for which he was fighting.

In consequence of this accident the National managers had me leave the State of New York and take up the National campaign. No one, of course, could fill Roosevelt's engagements, but the plan was to rescue the cause so far as possible, and I spoke in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland. My intense anxiety regarding the condition of my chief during this time was greatly relieved by assuring telegrams from both Mrs. Roosevelt and his nephew, George Emlen Roosevelt, who were both at his side.

Two final rallies were arranged in Madison Square Garden, New York—one on Wednesday, October 30, for the National ticket, and the second on Friday, November 1, for the State ticket. Roosevelt, though not well, considered himself sufficiently recovered to appear. His physicians, Drs. Lambert and Brewer, had prescribed no more campaign speeches—in fact, did not want him to go to these meetings; but he brushed aside their injunctions and left Oyster Bay for Madison Square.

His presence at the National rally was his first public appearance since the shooting, and keyed up the meeting to a high dramatic pitch. Fully eighteen thousand persons were in the auditorium and a few thousand more were outside clamoring for admission. When Roosevelt appeared on the platform, a roar of applause broke loose and continued for forty-five minutes.

Roosevelt's speech, characteristically, was confined to a plea for the Progressive cause and for the State ticket; no word for himself. He appeared in good form and to possess his usual vigor, although it was observed that he did not use his right arm. His speech was earnest, calm, and exalted, closing with what he called his political creed:

> I am glad beyond measure that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight while life lasts the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind.

At the rally for the State ticket two nights later the crowd inside the Garden was as large as at the National rally. The enthusiasm was at the same high pitch. When I arose to speak, the cheering began and lasted twenty-seven minutes before it could be checked. Roosevelt was expected during the evening. His physicians had reminded him when he started from home that he had promised not to speak any more in the campaign, to which he replied that he had promised not to speak for himself, but that this time he would talk for Oscar Straus and Fred Davenport and the candidates on the judiciary ticket!

At the close of my thirty-minute address, Roosevelt appeared. The crowd went wild, and stopped cheering only when Mr. Hotchkiss, who was presiding besought them to stop out of consideration for the Colonel. Roosevelt spoke for an hour and held that vast audience in rapt attention. He devoted the first half of his speech to outlining the Progressive cause, its meaning and purpose, and the second half to advocating the State ticket. He referred to my public career in terms of unmeasured praise, beginning with my first mission to Turkey. He told the crowd that everywhere he spoke, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he had "found that the name of Oscar Straus was a name with which to

FAMOUS EUROPEANS AT CLOSE RANGE

Lloyd George, Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Earl Grey, Georg Brandes, Henri Bergson, Rodin, the Kings of Italy and of Spain, and other celebrated personages move rapidly through the next chapter of Mr. Straus's Autobiography, entitled "Personal Vignettes," which appears next week in The Outlook. A memorable visit to Skibo Castle, as the guest of Andrew Carnegie, is described. The reader is taken to the Peace Palace at The Hague. Recollections of Disraeli, from the lips of intimate friends, are carefully reported. This fascinating chapter of personalities concludes with some amazing evidences of a Spanish and Jewish origin of Christopher Columbus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conjure," and that it "helped the Progressive cause in California and in New Mexico, in Illinois and in Kansas, that we here in New York had named such a man as our candidate for Governor." He then gave accounts of the personal services and qualifications of the other members of the ticket, and with this meeting the Progressive campaign of 1912 closed with a blaze of unforgetable enthusiasm.

PROGRESSIVE CAUSE A CRUSADE

On election day I received the following letter from Roosevelt:

Oyster Bay,
November 5, 1912.

Dear Oscar:

I count myself fortunate in having run upon the same ticket with you and in having had the privilege of supporting you. You are the kind of American who makes one proud of being an American; and I wish also to say that I feel just the same way about all your family, your dear wife, your two daughters and son. It is just such a family, and just such a family life, as I like to think of as typical of our citizenship at its best.

With affectionate regard and esteem
Faithfully yours
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Progressives, as might have been expected, had been poorly organized. The time had been too short for intensive development of our forces. We had no machine, and in a number of the counties there was scarcely a skeleton of an organization. It was, in fact, not a party in the ordinary sense of the word at all, but rather a crusade, and what we lacked in organization we made up by an abundance of spontaneous ardor. We did not really expect victory, although Roosevelt several times said that while he knew he would be defeated, he thought I would be elected. As a matter of fact, I believe I was the only candidate of the Progressive cause for Governor in any State who ran ahead of Roosevelt. In New York State he got 389,000 votes, in round numbers, while I had 393,000.

I knew from observations during my campaign from one end of the State to the other, how poorly, from a political standpoint, the Progressives were organized, and I confess I did not see the slightest chance of being elected. I was not disappointed, and I think that the men generally who ran for offices on the Progressive ticket were not disappointed. They realized that their contest was waged for a cause and not for office, and from an educational point of view the campaign was eminently successful.

Considering the vastness of the undertaking and the shortness of the time, we did as well as any of us could have anticipated, if not better. We were confident that the cause would triumph, in a degree at least, no matter what party was in power, and I think the facts amply justify our belief that the Progressive ideals made a definite impression upon the country, and have given strength, if not dominant influence, to Progressive principles in both of the old parties.

HOW CAN BRITAIN PAY AMERICA?

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

IN the old pre-war days it was my business to lecture at the British Army Staff College at Camberley great wars in which the British e might be involved (not only how to move armies and fleets and how to win battles, but also at what went on behind armies and ets, about finance and economics, and neir influence upon the issue of wars). It was a big subject, about which, in common with my audience of staff officers in embryo of the British army, I knew next to nothing. We searched the city of London for an expert to come to Camberley and tell us about the effect of nance upon war under present-day conions of international credit. After searching for three years, we came sadly to the conclusion that no such expert existed. There were some who claimed to have studied the effect of war upon finance, a very different affair. Even they had but little knowledge of their subject. The most reliable of them told us that if Britain intervened in a great European war it would cost us about four million dollars per day. It cost us nearer forty million dollars per day before we were through with it, and it left us heavily in debt to the United States.

International finance is a matter for experts. European nations are now tottering into chaos, famine, and civil tumult on account of recent developments in this international finance, and, as usual, experts disagree about the best remedy. Who shall decide? Great Britain used to be a creditor country; now she is a debtor country to the United States, and certainly not in a position to help other people until she has paid her own debts. She cannot pay them at present out of what the bankrupt states owe her, but she obviously has to pay them. Her credit depends upon it, and credit is everything in international finance, as it is in all finance on a large scale. At least that is the view of the inexpert man in the street, whatever the experts or the men in public life who are guiding our destinies may say. In these circumstances, after all the learned disquisitions by the experts and the Balfour note which gives actual figures (with far too many ciphers for them to be grasped by the ordinary mind), the time seems to have come for the ordinary man to have a say in the matter. Disagreement between experts has an unfortunate tendency to spread to the nations which they represent, or to which they belong. I quote from memory, but the outstanding point is that Great Britain owes the United States nearly four billion dollars. What Great Britain did with the money is beside the point. As a matter of fact, it was spent in America upon munitions of war, but its equivalent was lent to Allies who, without it, would have been unable to carry on the war; the point is that the sum was borrowed and the man in the street means to see that it is paid back somehow; but how?

We used to be told at Camberley that business transactions between nations are very different from transactions between individuals, and that is now a commonplace remark. Individual men pay their debts in "money"—in gold, or in paper with gold or something else of the nature of a token with a standard value behind it. There is no use in talking about paying a debt of four billion dollars in gold. The first reason (out of thirty-two) given by the commander of Tilbury fort to Queen Elizabeth for not firing a salute in her honor was that he had no powder. She was graciously pleased to dispense with the other reasons. The first reason why such a debt as I have mentioned cannot be paid in gold is similar to the Tilbury commander's reason for not saluting. There is no gold, when sums like that are involved. How, then, can the debt be paid? We are told by the experts that it could be paid by goods, by sending a lot of manufactured or partly manufactured articles over to America for nothing. We were taught at Camberley not to bother about statistics of imports and exports as indications of prosperity, but to remember that the best prosperity barometer to consult was employment. If a nation had few unemployed, that nation was prosperous, and *vice versa*. That means that sending manufactured or partly manufactured British goods to America in payment of the debt would be very bad for America, because unemployment would increase there. It would be very good for Britain, because employment would go up. It is true that the British workers would have to be paid by the British taxpayer, but that would not matter. At present he is paying millions of them a dole for doing nothing, and anything is better than that.

How, then, can Britain pay her huge debt to America, when the gold does not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exist, and payment in goods would only do harm to Americans? If my late friend Sir Robert Giffen, the economist, were alive, he would say, by "invisible exports"—in other words, by services rendered. For instance, the British Government (in other words, the British taxpayer) could subsidize the British merchant service to carry goods about the world for nothing for American shippers. How would that work? The latest shipping returns show that the actual amount of British steam tonnage stands now at about the same figure that it did before the war, in spite of war losses, but the total world tonnage has gone up, so that the British percentage of the total is now only about 33½ per cent, compared with 44½ per cent before the war. The principal reason for this is that American steam tonnage has increased enormously, by nearly 11,000,000, since 1914. Presumably it is desired to keep these vessels running. The question of doing so by subsidies is a controversial matter of great domestic concern to Americans, and one about which discussion emanating from elsewhere would very naturally be resented, but it is fairly obvious that "services rendered," in the way of cheap freights offered by British shipping, is not likely to be an acceptable method for Great Britain to discharge her debt to America.

We seem to be drifting into an economic morass. For the experts there may be some solution in view of the difficulty. Let us hope that they will find one. The man in the street cannot grasp the complications of international economics; he finds it easier to argue from the individual to the mass. If he wants to draw his money from a bank where it is lodged, he is accustomed to being asked, "How will you have it?" John Bull is at present in the position of a banker, with a debt to Jonathan, and it seems to the ordinary man in Great Britain to be high time to ask a similar question of his creditor, whom he has every intention of paying, if only he could be informed of any acceptable method of payment.

GOING WALKING

BY ELON JESSUP

IN this progressive day and age, when we seldom have to walk unless we wish to, we are beginning to realize what a splendid recreation walking is. A care-free rhythmic saunter along pleasant highways and byways brings health, cheer, and vision.

Now comes autumn, the golden time of the year for walking. It is the serene, soft-smelling season when sweltering days and annoying insects are of the past, the season of marvelous color torrents of russet browns, golden yellows, bronze reds, and flaming scarlets. The time of all times to go the foot-path way to the painted woods.

The pleasure of any walk is largely dependent upon the elimination of all sense of pain and discomfort. In fact, when you are getting the best out of walking you are unconscious of the presence of legs and feet. This condition is impossible unless the feet are wholly devoid of pain or blemish. A blister on the hand may be of slight consequence, but a blister on the foot is likely to mean distressing agony.

It is with various practical details of walking that the present article is concerned: feet, footgear, and the actual physical motion of walking. Most foot misery which interrupts the pleasure of a long hike is wholly preventable, and even when trouble does start it can oftentimes be stopped before well under way. An ounce of prevention is of course worth more than a pound of cure, but I will try to indicate both of these.

A fairly rough-and-ready piece of footgear having broad toe-caps and wide, low heels is quite the most suitable shoe for hiking—provided it fits. But if it doesn't fit, it is almost as hard on the feet as pointed toes and French heels. The term "fit" as applied to hiking shoes is commonly misunderstood. When the average person buys a pair of shoes for city use, he or she is fitted in somewhat the same manner that a man is for a new hat; that is, comfortably snug. And one can walk ten blocks in such shoes without any great discomfort, but if one were to go ten miles there would be a different story. Some people buy hiking shoes in this same manner. Which is a tragic beginning for any long walk.

A hiking shoe "fit" means a shoe which is at least a half size, and possibly a full size, larger than footgear which is ordinarily worn in average city use. Only around the heel and over the instep should there be permitted any suggestion of snugness. Blisters sometimes develop as a result of too much lateral play of the heel because of roominess of the shoe at this point, but, even so, these can oftentimes be prevented by lacing the shoe more tightly.

Of prime importance in a shoe are length, width, and height of toe-cap. During the course of a long, hard walk your feet change size, blood-vessels become distended, and the feet grow noticeably larger. Tight-fitting shoes under such conditions are a forerunner of sore feet. Your feet must always have free play; not enough to invite chafing, but a sufficient amount to allow them to function without constriction. In using the term "fit" I do not mean a shoe which is far too large for one.

We hear a great deal, and rightly so, concerning the evils of shoes which are too narrow, but not so much about shoes which are too short. Yet in some respects the short shoe is the worse offender of the two. During walking the toes have a way of working forward if with each step they meet a leather wall there is bound to be t in the form of toe blisters or s abrasions. If the shoes are of suf length and still toe blisters thre these can usually be prevented by lacin the shoe more tightly. There is no cure, however, for a shoe which is too short. And the same may be said of the low stiff toe-cap. When blisters form on top of the toes, you may hold the toe-cap accountable for the damage.

In addition to the natural distention of the feet while walking there is th question of bulkiness of stockings to considered. The wool-stocking habit so far as hiking is concerned is an excellent habit to acquire. To most hiking feet wool is far more satisfactory than cotton. Wet feet which are incased in wool are no special disadvantage, whereas with cotton the result may be a bad cold. Furthermore, the comfortable elasticity of wool on the feet serves a valuable purpose.

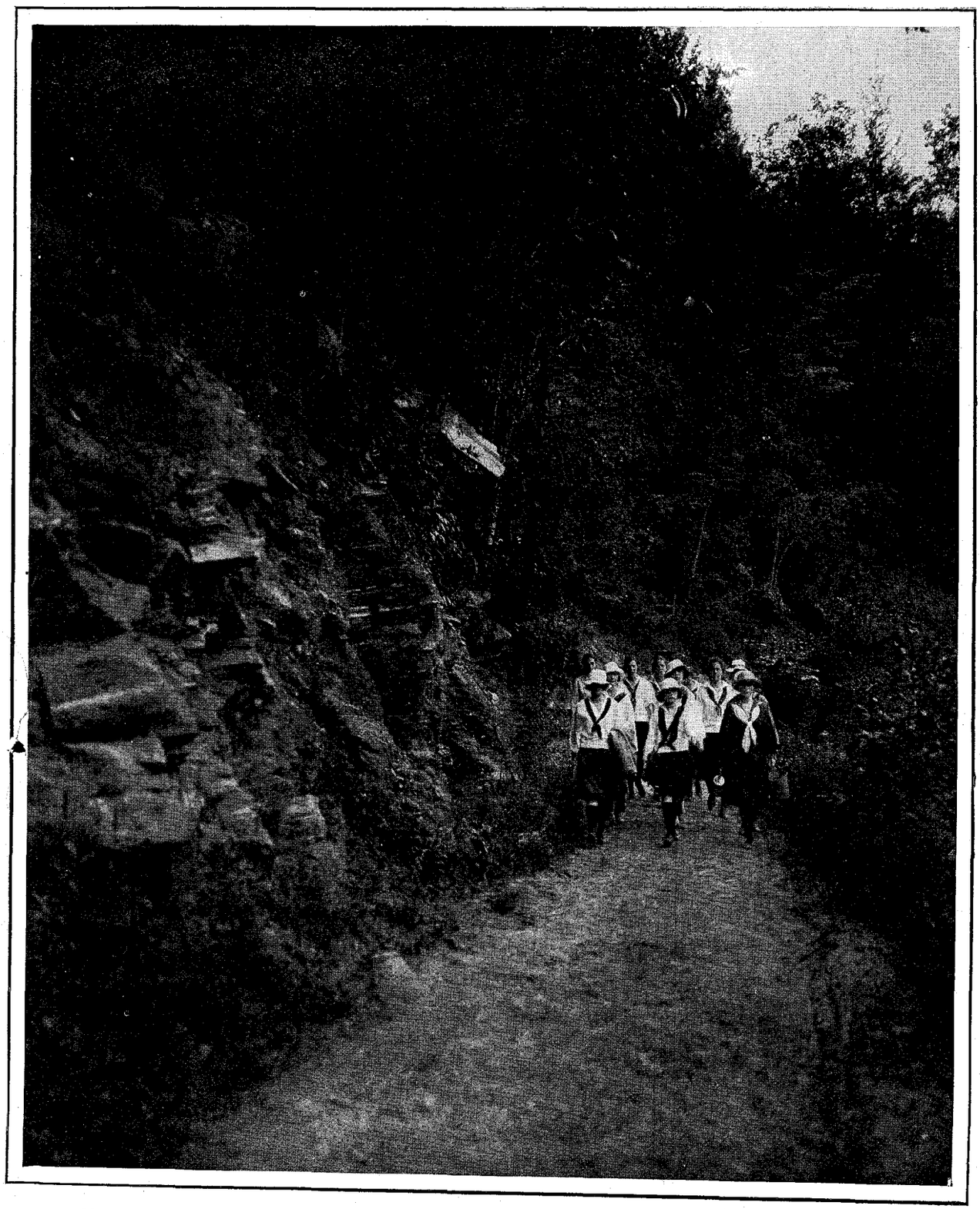
What has been said in regard to roominess of shoes applies to some extent to wool stockings. There is of course much greater elasticity to wool than leather, but the fact remains that stockings which have shrunken badly may play havoc with pedal comfort. Stockings should be neither so large that they wrinkle nor so small that they squeeze the feet. A tight, pinching stocking will start an ingrowing toe-nail about as quickly as will a tight shoe. Stockings which are badly shrunken

NATALIE DE BOGORY

is a name which we always like to see at the head of an article in our morning mail. We think that our readers share with us our enthusiasm for her interesting interpretations of the foreigners within our gates. A forthcoming Outlook article by Miss De Bogory is called "The Turning of the Tide."

It tells the story of sojourners in our country who are returning to their native lands. Some of their reasons for going back to Europe ought to make Americans do a little hard thinking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CAMP GIRLS HIKING ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL NEAR ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—"THE LAND OF THE SKY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HIKER MAKING CAMP BY THE WAYSIDE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

should be thrown away. Remember also that there are few surer means of starting blisters than wearing stockings which either have holes or which have been darned.

Sensible shoes, fortunately enough, are much more common to-day than they were. Even in the city streets French heels and pointed toes are being supplemented by normal heels and broad toes. It is now possible for any woman to buy a pair of shoes which will not squeeze her feet beyond recognition. The Young Women's Christian Association is performing a valuable service in recommending certain shoes which pass the common-sense test.

So far as men's shoes are concerned, there is none more satisfactory than the army shoe. The so-called "sporting" shoe, which some people consider a necessary adjunct to a trip to the woods, answers very well provided that it fits, but one must remember that fit rather than appearance and a lot of waterproofing is of first importance. Furthermore, leather which has been thoroughly waterproofed does not permit much ventilation. And the feet need ventilation. In any case, let me urge that you never make the mistake of starting out on a long hike with a brand-new pair of shoes. Break them in first.

A pair of feet which are tender through disuse can develop painful ailments during a long walk even though the footgear be above reproach. Feet become hardened with walking, but if one has not done any walking to speak of for months on end it is folly suddenly to attempt a fifteen or twenty mile jaunt without preliminary conditioning of some sort. A rather effective artificial method of hardening the feet is that of taking a series of foot-baths for several days. Either cold salt water or a mixture of alum and salt in water is likely to toughen the feet appreciably. A solution of alcohol and salt is also effective. A strongly alkaline soap is bad for the feet, in that it has a tendency to crack the skin. The most effective foot-toughening process is the wholly natural method of getting out and using one's feet.

Any hiker, however seasoned or unseasoned he may be, can with profit soak his feet in salt water before going to bed if he plans to take a long walk next day. And before starting out in the morning let him rub talcum powder on his feet and sprinkle some in his shoes. The time-honored custom of rubbing soap on the feet or on the inner sides of the stockings cannot always be recommended, for reasons which I have just mentioned.

During the noon-time rest of a long jaunt you will find it advisable to take off shoes and stockings, wipe out the insides of the shoes, bathe the feet, dry these thoroughly, add more talcum powder, shake and rub the stockings in order to eliminate as much dirt as possible, and then put these on either inside out or each upon the foot other than it has been worn on during the morning. If at any time during the day's hike one senses foot trouble coming on, an immediate halt should be called and investigation started before the trouble gets well under way.

If a blister has appeared and there seems likelihood of its breaking with further walking, it should be immediately opened and then covered with adhesive tape, so that the skin will not be rubbed off. Great care should be taken to prevent infection, for a much-worn sock is by no means devoid of germs. To open a blister, sterilize the end of a needle or your knife in the flame of a match, prick the skin through the *side* of the blister, and gently squeeze out the water. Never prick the blister on top. If a cramp develops in the leg muscles, sit down and knead these. A cramp in the side can be relieved by drawing a deep breath and bending over.

At the end of a day's tramp the shoes should be cleaned (especially so the insides) with a damp cloth. When wet they should be dried in a gentle heat. A great amount of heat shrinks the leather and starts foot trouble the next time you wear them. They should be oiled sufficiently to keep them pliable, but no more; too much oil clogs the ventilation pores. When feet do not receive their required amount of ventilation, they are likely to become tender.

The right footgear and proper care of the feet are, as I have indicated, of vital importance to the pleasure of a hike. The choice of route which one follows also has a direct bearing upon this subject, sometimes to a greater extent than one thinks. Avoid all macadam roads. Macadam is jarring to the feet and passing automobiles are jarring to a hiker's nerves. Stick to back roads and pleasant winding trails. A Government topo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graphical map of any given locality will point out a network of these.

Suppose that it pleases your fancy to make an extended walking tour covering several days of lugging your bed and home in a pack on your back. This is a thoroughly practicable undertaking, but here again due consideration must be given to comfort. To carry a pack which does not presently become a weighty burden is an art which requires a considerable amount of studious attention before starting. If you do not wish to become a pack-horse, you must cut down the weight to the last possible ounce. And you must come to realize before the start of the trip that you can get along comfortably with about half as many articles of equipment as you would like to take.

We now come to the actual physical motion of walking. There is more to be said upon this subject than most people suppose. Strange as it may seem, the average city-bred person doesn't know how to walk. The average country person does. City folk have been called "leg-walkers" and country people "body-walkers." Which sums up the matter in a nutshell.

These two respective gaits are largely the result of environment. The city person has grown careless of energy and balance. The energy in his legs is sufficient to carry him the requisite few blocks to which he is accustomed, and the sidewalks are so neatly level that he doesn't have to pay much attention to balance.

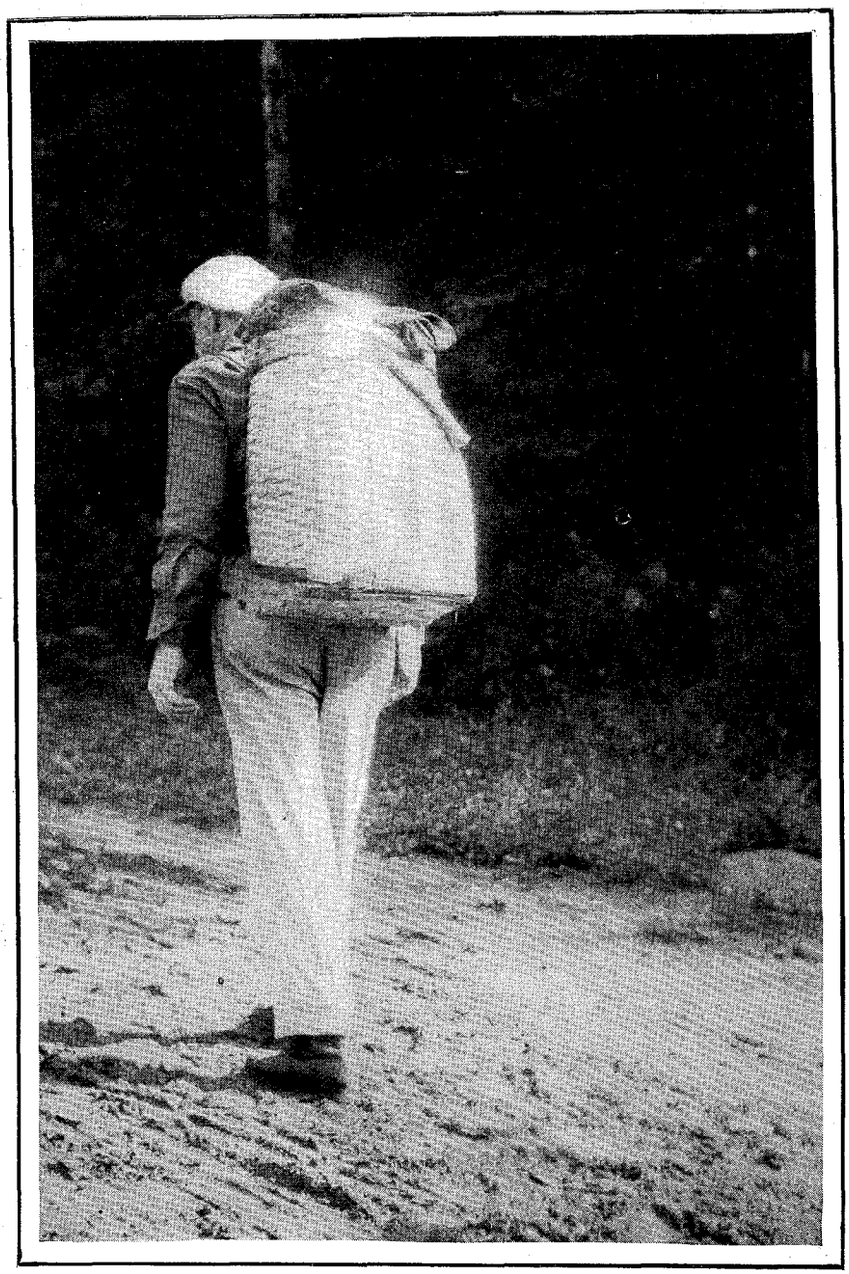
So far as exercise is concerned, that the city gait is confined almost entirely to the legs. The average city stride is short and choppy, the toes are pointed outward, the heels strike the pavement with a dull, sickening thud, the hips remain fairly rigid—in fact, the whole body above the legs is close to rigid. Such a gait is comparable to the actions of an automatic toy. It is ill-balanced and exhausting.

In contrast to this leg-walking of the city we have in the body-walking of the country a gait which is rolling, easy, rhythmic, and because of the fact that the whole body comes into play is a fine all-around exercise and good for long distances. The stride in level places is as long as it can comfortably be made, while on hills it is both short and leisurely. The toes, instead of pointing outward, as in the city gait, are pointing straight ahead in the line of march (toeing-out causes no small amount of foot trouble).

An English physician some time ago made a collection of well-worn city and country shoes for the purpose of investigating the bottoms of these. He found it almost universally true that the shoes of the city people were worn out at the heel, while those of the country people showed the greatest amount of wear on the soles.

This investigation is fairly significant of the two methods of planting the foot on the ground. It means that the city person walks on his heels, that his foot functions somewhat after the order of the end of a "peg leg." As against this, the countryman's step is far more elastic; it is nearly flat-footed at the moment when the foot is planted on the ground, so that all muscles and arches come into play. These parts happily combine and work in harmony for the forward plunge. With heel walking there can be no such manner of elasticity and team-work.

While climbing a slope a city-bred person is likely to go to the opposite extreme from heel walking, plant the front part of the foot firmly in the ground and leave the heel suspended in the air. This is a muscle-tiring proceeding. In any sort of walking the heel has a distinct service to perform. The point which I wish to bring out is that the heel should not be shouldered with more than its allotted amount of work.



HIKING IN THE ADIRONDACKS, WITH PACK

Body-walking has the twofold advantage of being fine exercise and a means of conserving one's energy, while leg-walking at the best is merely a means of locomotion. A method which has been suggested for testing one's self in this respect is to take a leather strap and adjust it around the chest. The strap should be just tight enough to prevent much expansion of the chest. If the wearer walks about fifty yards and finds that the strap gives him no discomfort, he may conclude that he is a leg-walker; but if it gives him considerable inconvenience this means that he is accustomed to opening his lungs when walking, and hence is a body-walker.

Body-walking, the rhythmic combined movement of legs, hips, chest, arms, your whole body, is the only natural way of walking, the only method that will make you forget that you have legs and allow you thoroughly to enjoy the countryside.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"TURKISH DELIGHT"[1]

AS IT APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople, December 12, 1921.

DEAR SAM: It must have been the day of the Standard Oil dinner when I wrote you last. That evening left me with a bad taste in my mouth. It was a jolly dinner—in the apartment of Jack Byrne, a young Standard Oil man. Eight of us, all Americans. Afterward we went on to Maxim's, to dance. There was a special celebration of something or other (nearly every night is). The White Lyres (an American orchestra that used to be in Paris) were at their best, and the Cossack dancers shouted and stamped and did particularly wonderful things with their swords. Then there was a silly sort of beauty contest, and the winner of the prize was asked to step forward. I felt shocked and sick when I saw who it was. Little ——. Did I tell you about this girl? I had heard things, but only seeing is believing. —— is young, not over twenty, I should think. When I first saw her, two or three months ago, she was a pretty, soft-eyed little Turkish doll, modest in her black dress and *charchaf*, laughing at herself as she said her few stumbling words of English and French to me. Now she looked years older, in a low-cut European evening dress, with paradise plumes drooping over her shoulder, half silly with champagne. She is the first Turkish woman ever to act in the movies, and that alone will cost her her life if ever the Turks come back into power in Constantinople.

Turkish women *may* be treated as dolls, and of course that is wrong. They don't know how to use freedom yet. But they are kept in better order by their men than any of the other nationalities here. —— is the only Turkish woman I have ever heard of who has taken advantage of her husband's absence with Mustapha Kemal to tread primrose paths. Poor little thing! She is a bad advertisement for Western chivalry. Turks—neither men nor women—go to the restaurants at night. And no good Turkish woman is seen on the street, even in the daytime, with any other man than her husband. Even the husband could not walk with her until recently.

But can you imagine a Turkish princess with blond bobbed hair and a permanent wave? I know one, Princess Sabaiheddin. Her father was a political exile under Abdul Hamid, and she was brought up in Paris. Sometimes she leaves off the *charchaf*—but she looks much prettier in it. She often comes to tea-dances at our Embassy. By the way, the United States Embassy is the first place where Turkish women have ever danced with men. It has only happened since Admiral Bristol has been there. They love it, are as eager as children, and a little shy. The husbands and brothers stand around and glare, mostly. Fearfully jealous. Mustapha Kemal said in a despatch from Angora: "Constantinople is becoming degenerate under the Christians. Our women are dancing in public places." But the younger ones realize that the old order must go—that iron lattices are no longer strong enough to shut women away from the world.

The Sultan is a weak-looking old man. I have been to the palace at Yildiz, on Friday at noon, to watch him go to prayer, escorted by horsemen in gorgeous uniforms, with pennants flying. While he is in the mosque no Christian may enter; so we were taken into the palace and served with Turkish coffee in gold cups and long gold-tipped cigarettes, while he prayed.

The Crown Prince is a quiet, middle-aged man. His aide, Ekrim Bey, never misses one of our dances. He is absurdly German looking—cropped head, round face—is always making polite, stiff speeches and clicking his heels together in stiff bows.

There is a Turk of English descent who, they say, expects to be Turkey's next Ambassador to America. You see him everywhere. Black Bey is his name. He has an American wife. He looks like the villain in a melodrama—a great tall man, very dark, heavy-browed, wears a monocle as if born with it; always stands in the doorways at a ball, just glowering at the dancers.

The only Turkish parties that I have been at are teas. Women, I think, never appear at evening parties. But men are asked to the teas. Clee often goes with me. Those at Madame Hassib Bey's are the most interesting. She is a very brilliant and modern woman of fifty or so, and has several talented daughters and friends of every nationality. She wishes that the daughters might go back to America with me. I do, too—what fun it would be to show them Fifth Avenue and Broadway! They ask all sorts of questions. Most of the Turkish women whom I have met speak better English—book English—than I do, and of course perfect French. They are musicians, artistic, read a great deal; but of real life are as ignorant as babies.

Well—so am I! "Befo' de wah," back in New York, I used to think myself rather sophisticated. Clee would come home from school for holidays and he would be fearfully impressed because certain head waiters, a playwright and an artist or two, and leading lights of Greenwich Village bowed to me. "Why, sis, you're a regular 'girl about town,'" he would say, and I'd try to look *blasé*. But heavens! I'm a mere babe, and always will be, in comparison with the European women out here. And the men! They just can't believe that my American simplicity is real. That I actually mean what I say! Isn't it funny? They think I'm deep! Well, you know better, don't you?

Until I have another free day,

Your FRANCES.

Constantinople, December 20, 1921.

My dear:

Yesterday I disobeyed orders, and went to Stamboul—to the Grand Bazaar—alone. (Of course you understand that we live in Pera, the European part of the city? All of the Embassies are here, except the Persian. Many Turks also live in Pera, but the most in Stamboul, across the Golden Horn.) Clee said that I was *never* to go out alone after dark; and never alone in Stamboul at any time. But I love prowling around among the little dark booths of the Bazaar, and other people are always in a hurry. The Grand Bazaar is very old; covers acres of ground. It is honeycombed with tiny shops, along dark little alleys, where you can buy anything, from priceless Oriental rugs and jewels to the commonest Manchester cloth. I love the "Bezesten" best. That is the oldest part, in the very center, where old bearded Turks sit crosslegged and don't care whether you buy or not. Her[e] lovely old carved ivories, strings of am[ber], beautifully wrought brasses, [and] heaped up with useless junk. And the "Bit Bazaar" (translated, Lous[e] Market)—an open road back of the Grand Bazaar—I picked up some of the quaintest old Venetian china for almost nothing. In the main part some of the shopkeepers (mostly Armenian or Jewish) fairly drag you into their places, shouting the merits of their wares. The Turks would not be so undignified. But one never pays the price asked, even in the great rug houses. It is part of the game to *bazelik* (bargain). First, coffee is brought you on a little tray. You have a chat; then, very delicately, the subject is led up to. A price mentioned. It is too much. "Alas! I shall be ruined—my children starve—but I love the Americans!" and a reduction is made. No—you are firm. Leave the shop. A few steps down the street—"Ah, mademoiselle!" and he plucks at your sleeve. You go back, and get your rug for two-thirds of his first price. He is delighted, and blesses you. The favorite felicitation is, "May you live a thousand years, and have only male children!"

I have done all the usual sightseeing. St. Sophia and the other mosques; the howling and whirling dervishes (I felt sick and had to leave when the howlers stuck stilettos through their cheeks and tongues); the beautiful carved sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, in the Seraglio Museum. Seraglio Point, at the entrance of the Golden Horn, is where,

[1] A letter from this American girl, the sister of a naval officer, appeared in The Outlook for October 25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they say, old or troublesome royal wives used to be tied in a bag with a cat and a snake and dropped in.

By day Stamboul streets are full of a howling mob, but at night as still as the grave.

Pera's streets are never still. Some of the poor Russians have no other place to go. When I first came, their faces haunted me. I could not bear to be so comfortable in the midst of such suffering. Just then (the first of October) the American Red Cross had stopped helping them. But Major Davis, head of the Red Cross here, is keeping on just the same, backed by all the Americans in Constantinople. Major Davis is a wonder; a big, stout man from Boston, with a gay taste in socks, a sleepy smile, a heart as big as he is, and the keenest sort of a mind. He has taken me to see the refugee camps. In one—a dark old palace barn—some twelve thousand sleep on the ground. They are just building little raised platforms for beds, so it will not be so bad now. There aren't many children. They must have died. The lucky ones have work, but so many were just sitting around, looking dully into space. Do you know, the first thing they did in that place was to make one corner of it into a church. They hung up cheap little pictures, and their icons, that they never part with; and decorated it all with pitiful paper flowers.

The Muscovite is the famous Russian estaurant where a general checks your oat and helps you on with your rub- rs; and a princess, very likely, brings bar soup—wonderful *bortsch*, with sour u a floating on bits of sausage and p ge, and little hot biscuits with be stuffing served with it. I dined there my very first night in Constantinople. I as delighted to see a haughty beauty, d ed in black, with a tiny white apro raw a jeweled lorgnette out of her d and coolly eye a singer up and down. agine how you would feel if your ress lorgnetted you! And when they are not too busy they will sit down and dine or talk with the patrons who are their friends.

The captain of one of our destroyers is engaged to the prettiest and sweetest girl at the Muscovite. He gave a tea on his ship one Sunday afternoon. There were eight Russian girls and I; the captains of several other destroyers; a much-traveled Englishman; Mr. Thomas, of the Standard Oil, then staying with Admiral and Mrs. Bristol; and my brother. It was a birthday party, and great fun. After the birthday cake and tea we danced. You would never guess, from their manner, that these girls had ever known any more trouble than I. They are *really* well bred, "gentle, brave, and gay."

I can't say so much for the men. They don't stand up so well. They only know how to wear uniforms. There was one who fired my imagination at first. An ex-colonel in Wrangel's army. Big, handsome, shabby, but very neat in his old uniform. He kissed one's hand so reverently, and told of his life in Petrograd and his despair here in a way to stir a stone. Well, Clee brought him home to dinner, to tea. He was charming, and so grateful. Clee gave him a job. He worked like a fiend for a few days. We wished that he might go to America, where he would have a chance; and I told Cleveland that if it could be arranged I would gladly give up the trip to Egypt that I'm longing for to pay this man's passage. But we found that he had been given money and passports for America some time before. He had given a farewell party to all his friends at the Muscovite the night before the sailing date and paid for the very good champagne with the passage money. Clee gave him money for passage on a freighter, and it went the same way. But, knowing all this, he was a lovable rascal. They are great impulsive children—all emotion and no sense. The Relief workers never give them money; just work, food, or clothes.

No, not all are children! General Wrangel is a real, grown man! He has been one of my heroes for ever so long—and imagine how thrilled I was to meet him! The first time I saw him was at an Embassy dance in October. It was soon after the sinking of his yacht by Bolshevists. The American women had sent clothes to Baroness Wrangel; and he—at a ball—was dressed in an ordinary Red Cross khaki shirt, worn outside as a tunic! It might have been the most gorgeous uniform in the world, the way he carried it. He looks more royal than almost any pictures of royalty that I've ever seen. And worn, spiritual with suffering for his people. The Baroness is a bright, cheerful soul, awfully sweet and friendly. Of course they do not dance—in Russia's trouble—but they are nearly always at our balls. I did not want to meet General Wrangel until my French had improved; he does not speak English. So I asked my French teacher (a Russian widow) what to say to him when I met him. We used to laugh over it, and I had quite a beautiful conversation all learned. Then when the actual moment came, in the middle of a crowded ballroom floor, I forgot it all, and only shook his hand, stammered, "H-how do you do?" and gazed at him!

He is going soon to Serbia, with several thousand of his troops, who are being taken into the Serbian army.

Some one downstairs is playing the Volga song. That thing will haunt me to the end of my days. There are half a dozen Russian folk-songs that you hear every night, somewhere. We do get wonderful music here. So much fire—oh, other music will seem pale and tame, after these Russians! There is Vertinsky, the singer at the Ermitage, who used to appear before the Czar. He sang at a dinner at our Embassy the other night, and I could *see* the Cossacks marching—going away—away—faint in the distance, never, never to march again. Everybody cried. Vertinsky is a drug fiend, and will die soon; but *how* he can sing!

Last night we had dinner with a family of rich Armenians. Heavens, the food they expected us to eat! I don't wonder these people look oily. Perfectly wonderful dishes, beginning with a creamed shrimp soup, and winding up with real Oriental sweet dates stuffed with *kaimak* (clotted buffalo cream) with syrup over them. Afterward the men played bridge, while the three other women and I lounged on a great low divan. With the men's whisky-sodas the maid brought *tea* for us!

Oh, it's a good thing I'm not here for always. Awfully demoralizing. Everybody is either starving or gorging. Everything is extreme. How anybody ever works in such a place is beyond me!

But the return to sanity is going to be hard. Your FRANCES.

Constantinople,
January 4, 1922.

Sam, dear:

You have heard me speak of Elizabeth Baker? The pretty Navy wife who is so very popular with the British? She gave such a jolly dinner last night, a farewell for our naval attaché, who is leaving for Japan. Sir Horace Rumbold, British High Commissioner, was there; Lady Rumbold; Baron Uchida, the jolly little Japanese High Commissioner; General Marden; and some other British army and navy people. Elizabeth put me beside Sir Horace. I was petrified at first. He is the typical book-Englishman, to look at. Absolutely impassive, bored face, monocle and all. But after five minutes we were talking away as if he were a sophomore. He is as simple and easily amused as any boy of twenty, and says that he finds Americans refreshing. Lady Rumbold is a trifle more formal at first, but I thought her very sweet.

Lady Harington (wife of Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in Turkey) is such a different type from Lady Rumbold. She is Irish, I believe; is big, bobbed-haired, carelessly dressed, unconventional. She is always dancing at Tokatlian's at tea time with a crowd of young officers.

The British large parties are too formal to be much fun. Even the great fancy-dress ball at Harbié, on New Year's Eve, hadn't the right go to it.

On Armistice Day I went to a British tea-dance. It was a "shriek," as one of my little friends here would say. Old English dowagers with hats of the Spanish War period resting on two hairs, younger women with all sorts of beads and lace and what-not hung on them, and carrying off these atrocities with such an air that you almost think maybe that *is* the way to dress, after all! They wear just what suits their fancy. Straw hats in winter, and a girl at the dancing club last night had a little gold-lace nightcap affair on her head (weren't there such things back in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1914?). After all, why be slaves to fashion?

Ah, but their dinners are delightful! And the British officers' red mess-jackets are beautiful! And their wearers appear to find American women amusing. It is mutual. When I first came, I *could* not get the British army accent. One young subaltern had been telling me the greatest lot at a dance—I couldn't understand a word. Finally I stopped him, and said he'd have to excuse me, but I had only been over a little while, and couldn't understand English yet!

There is an old dear of a British major who is forever giving Anglo-American parties at the Muscovite.

Our dinners are not so good, but our big parties are perfect. We are better at romping than at conversation.

One of the aides at our Embassy advised a pretty Georgian princess: "If you want a good time, go with the American Navy; but if you want to get married, cultivate the British." Our Navy isn't marrying out here to any extent. They are just having a glorious time—in between hard, cold trips into Russia or down to forsaken holes like Mersina or Samsoun.

There was a great deal of entertaining done for the Utah. She was here for three weeks in November, with Admiral Niblack, Commander of our European Squadron, on board. The town was turned upside down to entertain them. Our Embassy gave dinners, dances, and teas. The Italians gave them a ball at their beautiful place that was once the Austrian Embassy. The Utah reciprocated with two big tea-dances on board and any number of luncheons and dinners. Admiral Niblack was greatly intrigued by the spectacle of Turkish ladies dancing at our Embassy. He wired to Mrs. Niblack: "Turkish women very beautiful. Come at once!" And she *did* come, on the next train from the Riviera. Then the Embassy gave another set of parties for her.

Coming home from these parties late at night, I have seen and heard dreadful things on the street. I just get as far back in the *araba* as I can and shut my eyes sometimes. Of course the Allied police keep some sort of order in the main streets, but Colonel Ballard, their chief, says, "If you want to be murdered, you can be murdered—just wander around in dark alleys!" The Turkish night watchman is a joke. He carries a big stick and goes "tap, tap, tap," on the pavement, so that thieves will hear him coming and run away. It is creepy to hear him calling out where there is a fire in the middle of the night. And every night there are fires.

I wanted to visit one of the Turkish public schools, but it seems that the present Minister of Education is very much afraid of Christian interference, and nobody dared take me. But I did spend a morning in the best private school in Stamboul. It is kept by Nakya Hanum, a quite emancipated woman. She takes children from five to seventeen years old; boys and girls together, which is very unusual. It was a pleasant place, shut away from the world in the midst of a rather untidy garden. But the teaching methods were antiquated and the lack of equipment pathetic. In the kindergarten half a dozen of the cleverest children were shown off—they did complicated dances for half an hour—while the rest stood against the wall, looking wistful. One little boy was dressed as a girl; he had long curly hair tied with a red ribbon. His mother had many sons and wanted a daughter, so she just plays he is one. They say it is quite common.

Every mosque has classes of white-turbaned boys studying the Koran. The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. conduct classes of all kinds. Although the Turks are afraid of American education, for fear that religion will be thrown in with the rest, an American professional man is looked up to as an oracle. Dr. Hoover, of the American hospital, and Dr. Barton, the American dentist, are just kings out in this part of the world.

Last Sunday I dragged Clee to church by the ear. The first time in two years. The foreign population here has rather free and easy notions of religion. The Turks pray five times a day; they fall on their knees and turn their faces toward Mecca, wherever they happen to be, at the muezzin's cry. But there is no American minister outside of the colleges. We went to the Dutch chapel, and heard a British army chaplain.

And this morning we went again—this time to the chapel in what used to be the Russian Embassy. There are no seats in the Russian church, you know; we stood, for two hours, while more and more crowded in. They were all washed and dressed with extra care. The music was glorious; just singing, so sad and deep. Every one put something into a collection basket, and I saw a woman with tragic eyes drop in an unset diamond among the dirty five-piaster pieces.

It made me ache—I'm going for a walk out toward the "Sweet Waters," in the sunshine.

Later.

We've had a glorious walk, and came back in a caique, down the Sweet Waters into the Golden Horn, past Eyoub. That is the Turkish cemetery where Pierre Loti's sweetheart is said to be buried—the one in "Les Desenchantées." Here and there on the hills there were Turks blissfully enjoying *keyeff*. That's their favorite sport; it means less than doing nothing—just *being* nothing. And we passed Baron Uchida, fishing peacefully from the bank. There are some happy people here, after all; I feel better. Good-night.

FRANCES.

Constantinople, April 1, 1922.

Good morning, Sam:

Since my last letter I've traveled fast and far. First there was Christmas, six weeks of it—ours, after that the Greek and Armenian, then the Russian. There were three different sets of holidays. The restaurants kept open all night. Little boys went from door to door with colored paper lanterns and drums, singing queer Eastern Christmas chants. We were living in rooms just off the Rue du Petit Poisson Mort that week. That's a very queer street. I didn't like the look of it, but it was an experience, too. The walls of my room could have told strange stories, I'm sure. It had a latticed bay-window and smelled musty and old. When we came in late at night, Frau Fiedler, the funny old German woman who tended my fire and so on, had to let us in. We knocked on the iron outer door, and after a while it would open mysteriously. Inside, we looked up and saw her leaning out of a little window, holding the string that pulled the latch, looking like a funny old fairy in her ruffled nightcap and wishing us a "*gute nacht*"!

On Christmas Eve we had dinner at the Muscovite. It was very gay, but not a bit like Christmas. Then one of our men went to the piano and played "Holy Night, Silent Night." I found myself crying into the champagne. It was my first Christmas away from home. We went on to such a nice dance at the Embassy—a family party, nearly all Americans. At twelve o'clock the music stopped suddenly; the Admiral kissed Mrs. Bristol and wished her a Merry Christmas. Then he turned to me and said, "Come and kiss the old man!" And I had to weep again, and laugh; he sounded just like father, and I wasn't homesick any more. After the dance I stayed up till daylight, trimming a little tree to surprise Clee in the morning. He was so pleased with the little foolish things on it.

Toward the last of January it began to get rainy and horrid. Everybody looked fagged out with the prolonged celebration. So a party of us went to Egypt and the Holy Land for six weeks. We came back in March, to find the sky all blue for the summer (the sun shines here for six months of the year), the street flower markets gay with sweet violets, yellow mimosa, scarlet anemones, almond blossom—oh, so lovely! Every Sunday there's a picnic somewhere. We go to Prinkipo or Halki, in the sea of Marmora; or up the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea. One evening we had supper in a ruined palace garden, over on the Asiatic side. A harem, it used to be—one of Abdul Hamid's. All open now to the four winds; gilt chairs with brocade hanging in tatters, great mirror-lined halls. All along the shore are places falling in ruins like that—Turkey is so poor. Have you read "Stamboul Nights," by a man named Dwight, who lived out here for years? He will make you feel what I feel in these places but can't express.

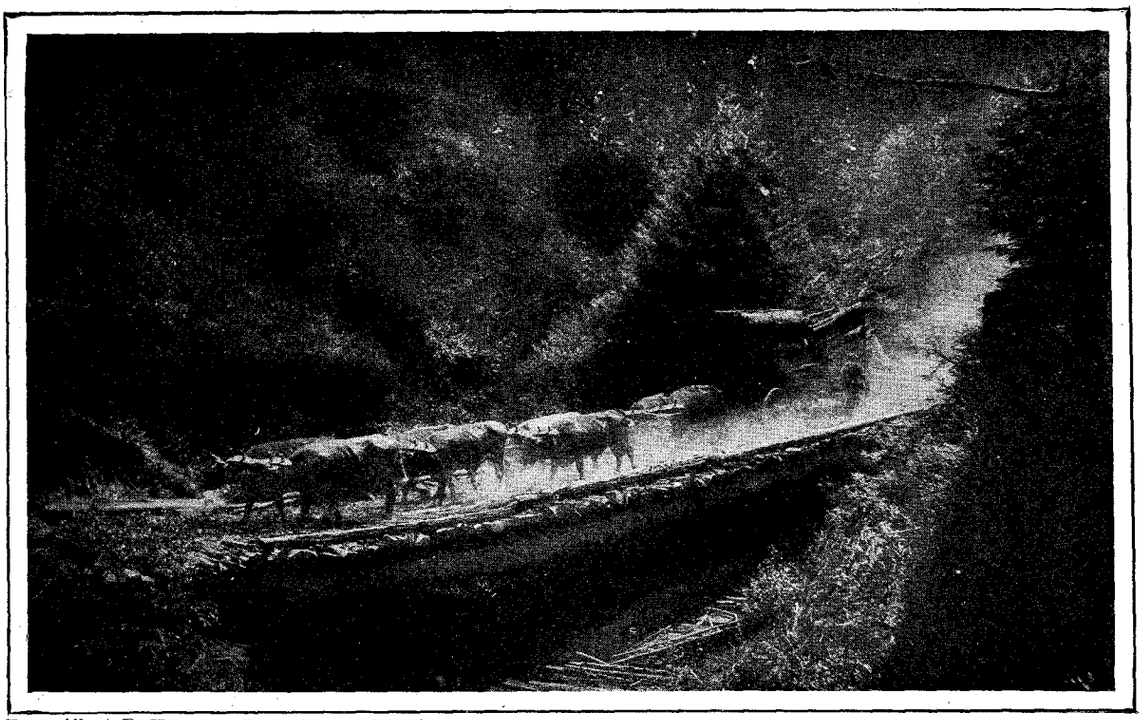
Soon the gay summer season will begin. The Embassies will move to Therapia, and there will be more picnics, more moonlight on the Golden Horn. Pray for me, or I may never come home!

FRANCES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGHWAYS THROUGH THE WOODS

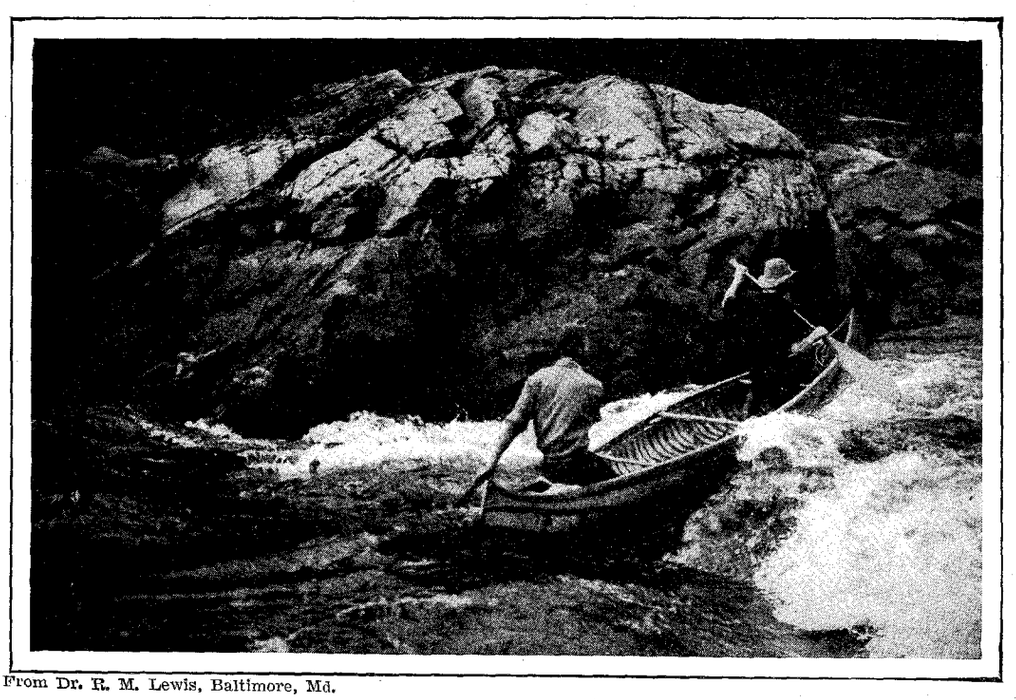
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Albert B. Herrman, Santa Cruz, California

HAULING TIMBER FROM THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

Ox-teams are less common in the Central West now than in pioneer days; Chicago recently had difficulty in procuring such a team for the transportation parade, it is said. But in the region near Santa Cruz, California, our correspondent says, oxen are in constant use for bringing timber and firewood out of the canyons and gulches where horses or mules would be useless



From Dr. R. M. Lewis, Baltimore, Md.

CANOEING DURING A VACATION IN THE ONTARIO WOODS

"The picture preserves for me," our contributor writes, "one of the most thrilling moments of a memorable vacation. The canoeists are shown running a rapid well named 'The Needle's Eye,' on the Maguetawan River. The entire river here narrows from a stream a hundred yards wide to twenty or thirty feet, plunging through a miniature gorge. The innocent-looking wave on the side of the birch canoe almost stopped her voyage by dropping a couple of barrels of water aboard"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK TABLE

A GREAT AMBASSADOR[1]

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

"THE Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" is a book of great distinction. As a document of democracy, as the unfolding of a career constituting a complete and inspiring definition of Americanism, this book must appeal to thoughtful people all over the world, and as a colorful, graphic picture of men, atmosphere, events, and social conditions in the two great English-speaking democracies under the strain of war it is an invaluable contribution to history. Mr. Hendrick has wisely let Walter Page tell the story in his glowing, pungent letters and memoranda; but he has done the work of compilation and comment with skill and restraint, combined with a certain ardor in the portrayal of his subject that stirs the sympathy and interest of the reader. This is not a book that one skips about in or dips into here and there. If you begin it, you finish it with a rush of pride in the story, with the sensation of having met an unforgetable man, with a gasp of sympathy for the sheer courage and tragedy of his career.

My qualifications for reviewing this notable work rest upon an acquaintance and an association with Walter Page of forty-three years. We were born in the same old Southern State of North Carolina and in essentially the same era, though he was my senior by six years. Our section was struggling on under the paralysis of war and seeking grimly and bravely to find its place in modern industrial democracy. There was everywhere then in the homes of good people in the South an atmosphere of seriousness and unselfishness. Most of us felt, even in the full tide of buoyant youth, that we must make ourselves fit to be helpful in the rebuilding so plainly before us and that we must stay where we were and use our fitness in bettering conditions right at our doors. This feeling was an obsession with Page, and, though he actually spent only a few years in his home State, and those turbulent and unsatisfactory, his heart and his dreams were always there. He became a cosmopolitan in the highest sense—a true citizen of the world; but his day dreams forever played about the sand-hills of North Carolina and the prosperity of the South. Indeed, perhaps the most poignant scene set forth in these volumes is the scene of the wasted, broken man on the Scottish moors planning to return "home," fancying that health would come back to him in that old air, smiling wistfully at his son a few days before his death as he was lifted from the train at Pinehurst, and exclaiming: "Well, Frank, I did get here after all, didn't I?"

I saw Walter Page for the first time forty-two years ago. He was then a young man twenty-four years of age, and I a lad at college. He was standing on a platform at the summer session of the University of North Carolina, talking to a group of teachers with fierce eagerness and a kind of defiant intellectual confidence about the value to them to be got out of studying the Greek language and literature. It did not strike me as a very live thesis at the time, but he was putting life into it, and to spare. I recall that I rejoiced in the fact that he seemed to be flouting the oratorical pomposities current at the time in all American, and especially Southern, speaking. He wore no black frock coat, and did not even thrust his right hand into the lapels of the coat which he did wear, which was of rough tweed. His hands were in his pockets, in fact, and, though he "bawled out" his company every now and then, his gestures were few and his manner conversational. I saw him for the last time in October, 1914, standing in the doorway of the old American Embassy, on Victoria Street in London, bidding me good-by on my homeward voyage. He was then preparing to move the Embassy to worthier quarters in Grosvenor Place, but the staff was still there. In many ways he was the same man who was urging Greek discipline upon the Carolina teachers a generation before, with the same unconventionality (he was shouting gentle insults at me for remaining in London so long after the beginning of the war instead of going "on home"), the same vigor and charm. Marks of care and toil were plainly upon him, but also evidences of high pride and purpose, as he undertook the duties of a mission destined to mark a new era in the story of Anglo-American understanding.

The record of Walter Page's life and achievements during the thirty-five years between these two memories is fully and faithfully set forth in Mr. Hendrick's book, and constitutes a splendid proof of what talents and purposes and labor can bring forth in American life, even if the Ambassadorship to Great Britain during a World War had not fallen to his lot.

Walter Hines Page was born in the little village of Cary, near Raleigh, North Carolina, August 15, 1855. His racial stock was pure English, with a Huguenot strain. His parents were vigorous, forceful people of pioneer breed. He was well educated in the best schools of his region, and came to manhood just in time to be captivated by the fame of the great scholars Daniel C. Gilman had called around him at Johns Hopkins University. I have never understood why he fell upon Greek as his mistress there unless it was the dominating personality and style of Gildersleeve that caught his fancy. He was happy enough in the task of interpreting Æschylus and the comedies of Aristophanes, but he balked at philological grinding in the deep marshes of Greek syntax and Byzantine writers, "fulminated against the grammarians" and fought toward his life's job of studying social conditions, describing the scene of life as he saw it, discovering excellence, shouting at shams, and fighting like a trooper for the things that seemed to him good and durable. The cloister tugged hard at Page. He even considered the ministry as a calling in his youth, his mind doubtless dwelling upon its obvious opportunities for expression, but the world rather than the cloister, won for the world's good. "I am sure that I have mistaken my life-work, if I consider Greek my life-work. In truth, at times I am tempted to throw th whole thing away. . . . But without home feeling in Greek literature no man can lay claim to high culture." So he would keep at it for three or four years and "then leave it as a man's work." Despite these despairing words, Page acquired a living knowledge of Greek that was one of his choicest possessions through life. That he made a greater success than his self-depreciation would imply is evident from the fact that his fellowship was renewed for the next year.

At the age of twenty-three Page grappled with life in earnest, and for the next twenty years he may be seen roving from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Boston, Massachusetts, in ever-increasing posts of difficulty, but with perfect unity of purpose, striving to comprehend the currents of American life, to interpret them to various sections, and to express them vividly and fairly. He was in turn teacher, lecturer, reporter, editor, student of sociological problems, from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Utah, and finally found himself in the managership of the "Forum," a moribund magazine which he quickly restored to vigor and prosperity. At forty Page achieved the top of his profession by becoming editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." His final progress to the partnership of Doubleday, Page & Co. and the founding of the "World's Work," with which his name will always be associated, followed naturally out of the talents displayed in this field and out of his desire for independence economically and spiritually.

I first came into intimate contact with

[1] The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. Edited by Burton Hendrick. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $10.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him in 1897, when I sat on the platform of the State Normal College at Greensboro and heard his famous address "The Forgotten Man," wherein he formulated a great programme of educational development for the Southern States. Five years before Charles D. McIver and I, with the daring of youth and the enthusiasm of ignorance, had set ourselves the task of proving to the people of North Carolina that it was the privilege and duty of a democratic State, through the instrument of taxation, to educate all of its children, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, from the primary school to the university. This was then a new doctrine in the South, and those who fought for it had need of faith and will. It is an old and accepted doctrine now, and nowhere more completely than in North Carolina, but then its friends were not in authority. It was, however, one of those things that just had to be done. Page, ever on the alert for a stiff fight in a good cause, smelled the battle from afar and came into it with a bound. That speech, with its appealing title, was a piece of heavy artillery in the contest, and its reverberations are still to be heard. I do not think that anything held Page's interest more closely until the outbreak of the World War than the educational struggle in the South and in the Nation to put the life of the common man and his child upon a sound, hopeful educational and economic basis. This programme meant to him, not only more schools, but sensible schools, farming as an intelligent business, care of the public health, and the promotion of all agencies looking to the elevation of standards of living. He found—all of us in this battle found—in the Southern Education Board, and later in the General Education Board, great, far-seeing, wisely controlled agencies for advancing those ends. His magazine and his business delighted him and gave him pleasure in these fruitful days of his life, but his chiefest satisfaction lay in co-operation with the men at work in these constructive fields. He somehow envisaged it all as a great victorious battle. There lies before me as I write an old copy of his book "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," sent to me at New Orleans, where I then lived and directed the work of promoting public education in that region. It is inscribed in his script-like hand-writing—

To
Brigadier-General Alderman
Commanding the Division
of the Southwest,
W. H. P.
April, 1902.

Page thoroughly believed that the only true measure of any civilization was the extent to which it improved the condition of the common citizen and offered him "equality of opportunity." To this end his hearty co-operation with these Boards was directed and his magazine was made to play its part in the interpretation of American life and to set forth in a vital, picturesque, but accurate way the progress the county was making in democracy, education, agriculture, industry, social life, and politics. For nearly a decade a group of men associated with educational activities were accustomed to assemble at the home of Mr. George Foster Peabody on Lake George each summer to discuss

WALTER H. PAGE

and plan for the promotion of such interests. Page was always there, vital, soaring, argumentative, optimistic, ready to discuss anything—especially the futility and emptiness of most of the writing that came to his desk—abounding in humor, bluff heartiness, and generally happy over the discovery of some new man somewhere who was doing some concrete thing better than anybody else. I recall his delight in Seaman Knapp and Wyckliffe Rose. I remember his greeting me at Nashville with the remark, "Come on, I want to show you a man who has more sense than you and I put together," and he carried me off to meet David Lubin, the founder of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. There also stands out in my memory the passion that rang in his voice in a speech at Montgomery, when he recited his creed of democracy to the great throng assembled to discuss the educational needs of the South:

> I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born of woman.
>
> I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. All wealth is the creation of man, and he creates it only in proportion to the trained uses of the community; and the more men we train, the more wealth every one may create.
>
> I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, and in the immortality of democracy and in growth everlasting.

Woodrow Wilson, therefore, when he selected Page for the English post was not choosing, as many people imagined, a brilliant literary man with a genius for editorship alone. He was naming for a task of unimagined complexity a sincere philosophical democrat who had thought out and talked out that high hope until the conception thrilled and exalted and stimulated him as religion used to guide its devotees in the age of faith. He was setting apart for enduring international service a man of courage with a talent for co-operation but little stomach for compromise. He was sending to England a man of imagination, of intellectual resource, and an artist in the use of language. Page was not a politician, but forever, as I have said, on the lookout for excellence. He beheld in Woodrow Wilson a man of strong intellect, dignity of character and purpose, and he quickly rallied to his leadership. I have always believed that in his secret heart he would have preferred the Secretaryship of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet to any other office, though he would have scorned to seek it or to obtrude himself into any problem. He was not a "dirt farmer" in any just sense, but I believe he would have rendered notable service in that office, for no man in America had at heart more genuinely the welfare of the farmer or believed more intensely that agriculture must be made a business and given every opportunity to apply science to the production and distribution of the products of the soil. He worked loyally for the election of Mr. Wilson, and immediately upon his election was at him with carefully prepared briefs suggesting lines of policy in the interests of agriculture and education and urging that he gather around him strong, capable men. His letters to me during the interval between the election and inauguration show an interest almost amounting to excitement in the character and purposes of the unusual, lonely man upon whom had fallen this "monstrous job." The two had known each other since their student days at Johns Hopkins. They were intellectually and morally akin, because of their common possession of style in writing, taste in literature, hatred of the second-rate thing or man, and faith in democracy.

Page's place in American history, in the minds of most of his countrymen, will rest upon his services in England during the World War. He sailed for England on the Baltic in May, 1913. He was not a rich man, and had debated the wisdom of undertaking the Ambassadorship from many angles, but he loved adventure of the mind and the great task called to him. He departed absorbed wholly, as was his chief, in domestic affairs, but with his eyes open and his brain racing like a trip-hammer. His plastic, inquisitive mind got to work at once upon his new and strange existence. He began a study of England and the English that soon expressed itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) *never* won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You *know* it is.

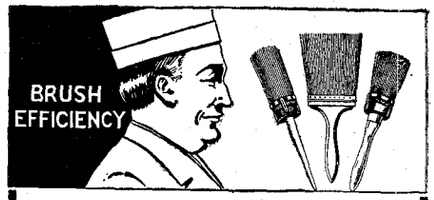
Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

in the form of letters, hitting off English life, its strength and weakness, in a fashion marked by humor and truth. He was attracted by the English, but he saw their weaknesses and frailties, and pictured them frankly and so naturally that the record constitutes a sympathetic portrayal of British society before and during the war and, in addition, furnishes a comparison of high value between the ways of an aristocratic society addicted to democracy in government and the ways of this Republic. Nothing escaped him and every impression found utterance in quaint, humorous, discerning phrase.

Page wrote many articles and made many speeches, and they were all good, but his claim to distinction in the field of literature rests upon his letters. These letters reveal him as a master of that most human form of literary expression. At the memorial exercises held in his honor in New York in April, 1919, I ventured to make this prophecy: "If he shall not be adjudged the best letter writer of his generation, I shall be much mistaken." These volumes sustain my prophecy, I dare to claim, and Walter Page has found, without conscious seeking, a permanent place in American literature.

Page spent five continuous years in England, save for a short furlough in America in 1917. The Mexican crisis and the Panama tolls tested his power of statesmanship immediately, and it quickly became clear that this American gentleman, untrained in diplomacy, had a statesman's mind and a breadth of view that placed him securely among the unusual men whom America has sent to Great Britain. And then the Great Smash came. It was my fortune to be his guest in London and at his quiet little home in Surrey during the days which saw the first battle of the Marne. I was a witness of the first flood of work that came rushing upon him and of the unhurrying confidence with which he accepted the burden and grappled with his labors. I shall not here undertake to recite these labors. The reader of these volumes will see the man at work and catch glimpses of his mind and soul that will not fade from the memory. He saw from the start the real issues at stake. His beloved democracy was menaced by a mighty foe. That was the main thing. Driving in from his country place one morning in early September, 1914, as we reached London, we saw the young recruits in golf caps and tweeds who were forming Kitchener's army marching about the streets. Pointing at them in his eager way, he said: "Those men must cross the Rhine, or democracy as we understand it will cease to exist." He believed that America must share in this battle for the doctrine which had made her great and unique among nations. He believed that the leadership of the world must presently fall into American hands and be applied to the highest uses of democracy. He had the courage to like the English, to discern the essential kinship



WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES
PAINTING EFFICIENCY
DEPENDS ON THE BRUSH
Three factors make for high-grade painting—
PAINT, PAINTER AND BRUSH
Whiting-Adams
TRADE VULCAN MARK
Rubber Cemented
BRUSHES
Bristles fastened with Vulcanized Hard Rubber, and held in a vise-like grip. Shedding of bristles and failure of brushes impossible. Guaranteed in every respect. The most extensive and best line of brushes in the world.
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
690 to 710 Harrison Ave., Boston, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years
and the Largest in the World

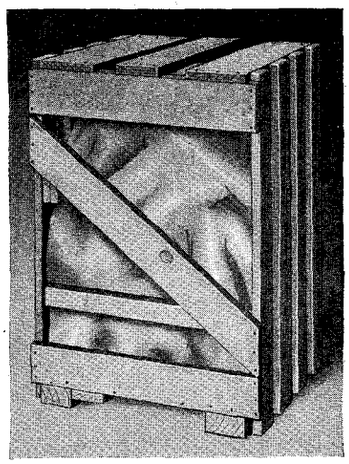
Eat and Be Well!
A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.
CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES
Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.
The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.
DIET BOOK
Sent Free
HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

BEFORE YOU BUILD KNOW ABOUT
LUNKEN WINDOWS
A double-hung window; 100% ventilation; disappearing sash and fly screens; weatherstripped, glazed, fitted, hung and completely assembled. Shipped ready for use; built into any wall.
Write for full details.
100% Opening
Zero Tight

The Lunken Window Co. 5415 Cherry Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO

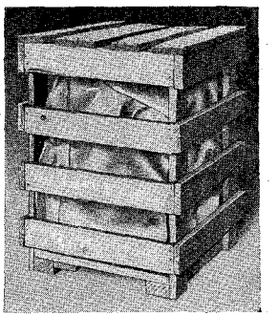
STEEL PENS
SPENCERIAN
ARE THE BEST
For Every Style of Writing
Select the pen suited to your handwriting from *10 samples* different patterns and finish in silver, gilt and bronze, sent on receipt of *10 cents*, including 32-page booklet on handwriting.
SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The 3-way corner, efficient bracing, and improved skids make this crate a better protector of contents than the one opposite. The new crate saves material and labor. It requires 18% less lumber. It is made with only 26 pieces of material; the old crate required the cutting and fitting of 37 pieces.

This crate was formerly used by an American manufacturer for packing a piece of heavy machinery. This shipper, alert to the possibilities of reducing damage to goods in transit and of rendering better service to his customers, sought the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer. The better crate opposite was evolved.



Do *Claims* Compensate for *Damaged Freight?*

A DEALER has waited several weeks for a shipment ordered by wire. His customer is patient but insists that the delay is proving costly.

The goods finally arrive—in badly damaged condition. More delays and disappointments.

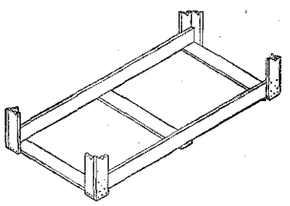
A claim can be filed against the railroad, but arguments and damage claims are poor substitutes for goods sorely needed.

THE mere monetary loss involved in a freight claim is but one chapter in the story of damaged freight. That priceless adjunct of a growing business, the good will of the dealer and his customer, is impaired.

That is why broad-visioned executives in all lines of business are investigating the subject of better packing. They are looking to their shipping departments as one means of reducing the percentage of customer turnover. Using safe packing as a new selling tool, as another aid in outstripping competition, and as a creator of good will.

THROUGH the redesigning of crates and changes in packing methods, damage to goods in transit can be materially reduced. At the same time substantial savings can often be effected through reduction in packing costs and transportation charges.

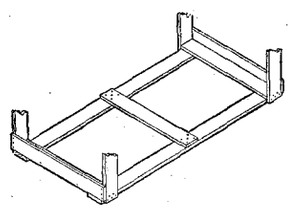
One shipper, who uses 300 cars of crating lumber annually, reports that, through the co-operation of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer, he is now saving 25% of the lumber formerly required for one of his crates, and 18% on another; another shipper states that, through the use of a lighter species of lumber and a new design, he has reduced the shipping weight of one item sufficiently to effect an annual saving of $10,000 in freight charges alone.



Frequently, crates that appear sound to the casual observer, fail in action because certain hazards of transportation have been overlooked or disregarded in the crate design.

The drawing above shows the bottom of a standard crate used by a manufacturer in shipping an article weighing several hundred pounds. Heavy packages of this character are seldom lifted. They are usually dragged or skidded in the direction of the long dimension. The bottom of this crate is such that the crate cannot be dragged across the floor without danger of tearing loose some of the frame members with possible consequent damage to the contents.

Chance for damage from this particular hazard has been eliminated in the redesigned crate shown below. Note that two bottom members extend the full length of the crate and provide a surface on which the crate may be skidded without danger of loosened nails or frame members.



Every day Weyerhaeuser crating engineers are on the job showing shippers how to prevent shipping losses, and in many cases pointing out large savings that can be made in their packing practices.

WITHOUT obligation or cost to you, a Weyerhaeuser practical crating engineer will come to your plant, and with the co-operation of your shipping department, redesign your shipping containers to fit the product to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of the Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Will "Stand By, Consenting"?

"Stand by consenting" like Saul at Stephen's stoning; consenting to the dishonor of the name of Uncle Sam; consenting to the wrong and hurt of millions of the most industrious and thrifty of their fellows—even to their own personal hurt and wrong? Some do even more than "hold the clothes of them that stoned"—hold the *contents* of the clothes of *them that are stoned!* The mass of the readers of this are undoubtedly on the side of right and justice, when they understand, as they will understand when they read this page—far better when they read the book it advertises (no profit to advertiser, author or publisher; every dollar—and more—goes to publicity for the good cause advocated.

The Gist Of It All

The nation has had a Postal Savings Bank since January, 1911.

Every other savings bank in the world makes at least a pretense of serving the interest of depositors, getting for them the largest possible returns consistent with safety and availability.

The Postal Savings Bank has been shackled by the opposite rule, attempting to get from depositors as much money as possible for the least possible interest, paying them only 2 per cent per annum, on money left in the bank at least one year. In practice this return is less than 1½ per cent. Furthermore, the law permits the funds in the Postal Savings Bank to be loaned to commercial banks at 2¼ per cent, the banks loaning it to the Government, and to the people, at anywhere from two to four and five times that rate, and yet at no time has the market price for money on the solidest security been less than 3½ to 4 per cent, and today is 6½ to 8 and 9 per cent. It is now proposed:

First—The Postal Savings Bank shall be open and accessible to all without limit as to amounts that may be deposited, and interest thereon paid for any period of time, as is customary with commercial banks.

Second—These deposits shall be loaned at the market price for money on security that is good beyond question. This should make, in these times, the net income for deposits at least 6 per cent, gradually diminishing to 5 or less as world prosperity returns.

Third—Four per cent semi-annual compound interest will go directly to depositors.

Fourth—The balance of the profits shall be paid twice a year into the United States Treasury, thus making possible the reduction of taxes and thereby benefiting the whole citizenship, including, of course, the depositors. This, it is estimated, should bring into the U. S. Treasury, **without taxing anybody one cent,** an annual income of at least $120,000,000, to possibly $300,000,000 or more.

Fifth—Every banking institution in the United States in good standing may become an agent for the Postal Savings Bank, both to receive deposits and to make loans, receiving a small commission on both deposits and loans.

The Postal Savings Bank will thus become the greatest and strongest bank in the world, one vast national reservoir of the people's savings, available for loans to all who furnish proper security. There will be *no favoritism* to any class or interests—practically no limitation to loans except the limitation of good security and use in harmony with public good.

Sixth—The present gold standard is not affected and will be permanently maintained, yet gold is made no longer either a fetish or a scarecrow.

Seventh—The Postal Savings Bank will be placed beyond the power of domination by any interest or class. It will have no power of either inflation or contraction, these powers being left in the exclusive possession of the existing Federal Reserve Banks.

Eight—It will quickly mobilize and put into ordinary bank channels over three billion dollars ($3,000,000,000) of money not now in any bank—the identical kind of money that is now the foundation resource of all banks.

Ninth—With this bill in operation there will be scores of millions of depositors, instead of half a million as at present, with deposits exceeding thirty billions, possibly soon nearer one hundred billions, instead of one hundred and fifty-five million deposits as when this is written.

To Men of Business

To men of business, "big" and "little." To all who toil.

To stimulate "thrift and saving" among the millions who labor—such as the world has never before seen.

To stabilize business, build confidence, pour the oil of peace and prosperity on the troubled waters of unrest.

To get for YOU who are now "thrifty" 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually, on your "daily balance" of every surplus dollar you possess—even the dollars in your pocket, cash drawer and safe.

To get for YOU whenever you want to "borrow" money, all you want and **can adequately secure,** for "long time" or "short time," at the "market price for money."

Without an iota of "fiat" fallacy, without an atom of "inflation."

Without a shadow of "injustice" or of "favoritism" to any "class" or "interest." To do all this:

Unfetter the existing Postal Savings Bank, now "shackled"—"hamstrung"—by cunning, short-sighted, selfish greed.

Three Billion Dollars

"*REAL MONEY*"—*INTEREST FREE.* No "bluff" about it, no "magic," no "fiat" fallacy, no "inflation."

One hundred and twenty million dollars or more in taxes, yearly, saved right in your pocket and mine!

All available by a little "practical sense" and JUSTICE—see the book for details.

Bankers with Brains, Vision,

Conscience and Patriotism (plenty of all four cordially recognized) will see, not antagonism, but co-operation in an unshackled Postal Savings Bank.

Bank prosperity goes naturally with industrial prosperity which the freed Postal Bank will enormously stimulate.

PATRIOTISM—the freed Postal will absorb the entire National debt and provide resource practically unlimited for National emergencies, at low interest, without perceptibly trenching on commercial funds.

CONSCIENCE—it is not believable that honorable bankers approve of the way Uncle Sam has been "used" to get the money of Postal Bank depositors at one-third to one-fifth of the "market price for money"—95 per cent of it going to bankers' use.

PROFIT—legitimate, honorable, in return for economic service, will go to bankers in commissions on both deposits and loans of the Postal Bank—profits 100 times greater than had in the past from "skinned" depositors in Postal.

Balking Bandits and Burglars

No more U. S. mail robberies; no more pay-roll "hold-ups;" INCIDENTAL results of an unfettered Postal Savings Bank.

Every certificate of deposit, whether $1 or $1,000, is "to order," or "to bearer" at the option of its owner; if "to order" bandit or burglar can't "cash" or "pass" without identification and consequent arrest—no inducement to steal or rob.

Another INCIDENTAL result is, certificates of deposit are good anywhere in the United States—or world—the same as "gold certificates," thus doing away with present enormous cost of "bank exchange," and risk of money transportation.

An unfettered Postal Savings Bank would bring billions of dollars to bankers—bring tens of billions to men who toil—justly, expediently, bring prosperity and "peace"—in exchange for the "economic war" of the past—and of the present.

For details, facts uncontroverted, arguments unanswered—unanswerable—see the book "THRIFT AND PROSPERITY," by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, and John B. Alden, Neshanic, N. J., farmer, ex-editor and book publisher, **$1.00**—see below.

PUBLIC OPINION is irresistible. YOU help make it. READ the book for facts, simple, overwhelming logic. WRITE to Congressmen, Senators, Editors, Public Men: ask them "Why not?" Tell your thought. Discuss with neighbors.

Honesty is the best POLICY. Godliness is PROFITABLE—economic truth, not buncombe, not cant. Pleased customers more PROFITABLE than "skinned" customers. Dropping water wears stone—*Keep at it.* Ink beats dynamite. Pen mightier than sword.

No money in advance from Outlook readers. **$1.00** after 5 days in your home, then send money or return book. Address **The Outlook** or the Publisher **John B. Alden, Neshanic, N.J.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK TABLE *Continued)*

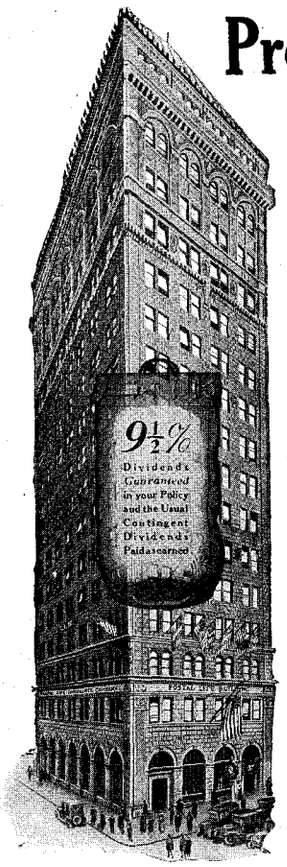
between his country and England in their common ideals of law and justice and their similar codes of manners and morals. And, finally, he came to believe that the greatest of all political tasks was to effect an understanding between these two great self-governing peoples, constituting, in his thought, the backbone of modern civilization. In a letter to me, written June, 1916, he said: "The thing, the *only* thing is—a perfect understanding between the English-speaking peoples. That's necessary and that's all that's necessary. We must boldly take the lead in that. I frankly tell my friends here that the English have got to throw away their damned arrogance and their insularity and that we Americans have got to throw away our provincial ignorance ('What is abroad to us?'), hang our Irish agitators and shoot our hyphenates, and bring up our children with reverence for English history and in the awe of English literature. This is the only job now in the world worth the whole zeal and energy of all first-class, thoroughbred English-speaking men. We must lead. We are natural leaders. The English must be driven to lead."

Under the impulsion of these great convictions and carrying them forward fearlessly, it came about that he and the President did not see eye to eye as to policies and procedures. Page did not falter, but pounded away at the President himself and at his wise, unselfish old friend, Colonel House. It is a strange, frank correspondence. These volumes relate in a moving way how, after we finally entered the war in April, 1917, the pent-up conclusions of Page's fiery spirit poured forth to the Government in suggestions of genuine foresight and good sense. The plain American journalist became an international statesman who not only had held together the two countries for their mighty association, but by discernment and intuition indicated the lines of common endeavor most suitable for winning the war.

I did not see my old friend after he came home to die. The victory had been won and he heard from his bed the ringing of the bells and the shouting. I know that he faced death like a proud man, knowing that he had fought stoutly for the great faith and had found a place in the hearts of his countrymen and perhaps of all English-speaking peoples.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



Preventing Lost Motion Saves Money

The Mail-bag on the Building denotes Despatch of Business. The Postal Life Insurance Company lives up to the meaning of its Trade-mark without impairing

Safety
Saving
Service

or any other essential of sound life insurance.

"SLOW" and particularly "Slow Pay" are not good qualities of a reputation. Nothing is appreciated in these modern days like SPEEDING UP the conduct of business. Applicants receiving their policies promptly, beneficiaries the payment of their claims without delay, and correspondents prompt replies, say good things of a company that so deals with the public.

Such an institution is the Company reaching the public *direct*, without the employment of agents, but officially and personally at the Home Office or by correspondence:

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Resources $10,000,000 **Annual Income $2,000,000**
Insurance in Force $43,000,000

The Postal exemplifies *Safety* because of its ample funds and securities—more than sufficient to meet every obligation now and in the future. Its well-known non-agency *Saving* (9½% guaranteed dividends) wins and holds policyholders. Its POLICYHOLDERS' HEALTH BUREAU, with its periodical HEALTH BULLETINS, renders a distinctive *Service* in the prolonging of policyholders' lives and lowering the cost of their insurance to the Company.

The facility, indeed the *Speed*, with which its business is transacted through the mails is winning it golden opinions.

Not using the cumbersome and expensive agency system eliminates many misunderstandings, uncertainties and delays, while reducing the insurance-seeker's net outlay for his protection.

See How Quickly the Mails Do It

Here's a recent example: Letter of inquiry from applicant received April 24. Specimen policy with official information and Application blank sent April 24. Application with check for premium received April 29. Letter recommending physician and conveying Medical blank sent April 29. Report of physical examination received May 3. Policy issued May 3.

May we not do for you what we are so speedily doing for others?

Send in the Coupon ☛

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WILLIAM R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 43d Street, New York.

N.B.—Referring to announcement of awards to essayists on "LIFE INSURANCE BENEFITS TRACED" which appeared in The Outlook, issue of October 25th, in which only policyholders were to participate, it has been decided to open the contest to the general public as well as to all policyholders.

Outlook 11, '22
Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave., New York
Without obligating me, please mail full insurance particulars for my age.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Occupation .....
Exact date of birth .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

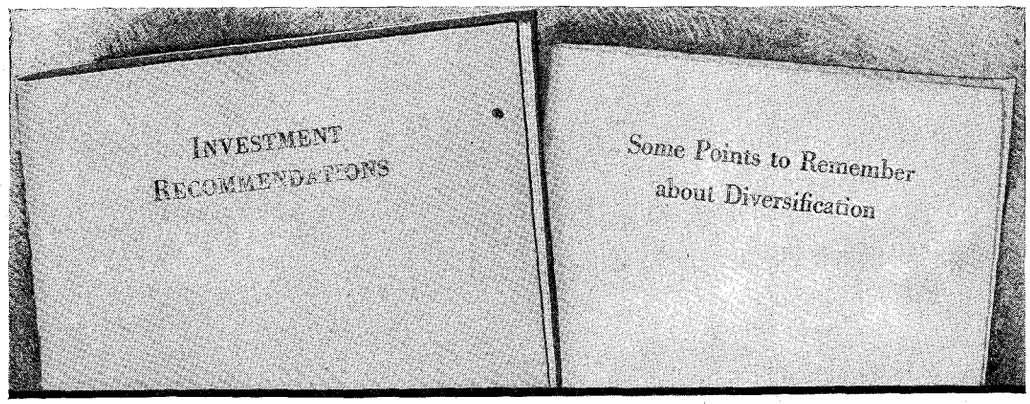
INTEREST RATES ON MORTGAGE BONDS

THERE is a growing interest on the part of investors in first-mortgage real estate bonds. This class of securities is becoming increasingly popular. Investors, however, frequently are puzzled over the fact that the prevailing interest rates on these bonds show a considerable variance in different parts of the country, and during the past year we have received numerous requests for an article explaining how this comes about. It seemed to us that the best explanation would be afforded by the people who deal in this class of bonds, and we therefore wrote to leading concerns in the different sections, asking them to give us the prevailing rates of interest in their section, and to explain just how these rates are fixed.

The letters we received in reply, we believe, will afford the best answer to these questions, and we take the liberty of quoting from them. From the Middle West comes this interesting information:

"On straight mortgages the rates vary from 5½ per cent to 6½ per cent at the present time, with 6 per cent generally the prevailing rate on the average mortgage.

"It is our observation that the rates on mortgages are deter-



Do you invest?
Let this service assist you

OUR monthly booklet of Investment Recommendations aids many bond buyers in shaping their investment policies.

The booklet contains a carefully selected list and descriptions of bonds, so diversified as to afford the investor a range of choice among various types, maturities, and yields. Accompanying the booklet is a leaflet on some phase of investments of interest and value to bond buyers.

At any of our offices you can obtain this booklet and the personal assistance of our representatives in selecting bonds best suited to your needs. In addition, if you will furnish us a list of your holdings, we are prepared to review them and to suggest suitable exchanges.

MAIN OFFICE, GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OTHER OFFICES:
NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.
ALBANY, N. Y.
ATLANTA, GA.
BALTIMORE, MD.
BETHLEHEM, PA.
BOSTON, MASS.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL.
CINCINNATI, O.
CLEVELAND, O.
ERIE, PA.
HARRISBURG, PA.
HARTFORD, CONN.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PORTLAND, MAINE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
READING, PA.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
SCRANTON, PA.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Guaranty Company of New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mined largely by the prevailing rate of interest on other securities, although the rate does not change as quickly as it does on listed securities. When the money market tightened and rates on other classes of securities went up, it was quite some little time before the interest rate on mortgages followed the same course, and likewise they have been slower in coming down.

"We feel that the influence of the interest rate on other securities is largely reflected on the interest rate of first mortgages through the medium of the insurance companies.

"The life insurance companies are among the largest investors in first mortgages on city properties and a large percentage of their investments is comprised of first mortgages. As the interest rates on listed securities began to rise higher than on first mortgages, the insurance companies began to divert their funds from first-mortgage investments to investments in listed securities. This of course reduced the supply of money available for first mortgages very considerably, and in order to make them attractive and bring the insurance companies back into the market it was necessary for the interest rate on first mortgages to be increased, so that they could compete with listed securities.

"Similarly, when the interest rate on listed securities began to go down the life insurance companies began to divert a large portion of their funds to first-mortgage investments, with the result that the demand for first mortgages was greater than the supply and a lower interest rate is resulting.

"On the smaller mortgages the interest rate to-day is about the same as it was before the war. On the larger mortgages I would say that the interest rate is probably one-half of one per cent higher than it was before the war.

"The interest rate on first-mortgage bond issues in this section is now from 6½ per cent to seven per cent, which is about ½ per cent to 1 per cent higher than before the war.

"In this field the influence of the insurance companies is not felt, which accounts for the fact that the interest rate is about ½ per cent to 1 per cent higher than on the straight first mortgages.

"In general, however, the same conditions of supply and demand of funds available for investment in this field determine the interest rate the same as in any other line. When interest rates are higher in other classes of securities, funds are steadily withdrawn from first-mortgage bond investments for investment in other fields, with the result that it is necessary to increase the interest rate in order to attract the investor, and during the stringency of the money market rates went as high as 8 per cent last year at this time. As rates on other securities have dropped, the funds have returned to the first-mortgage bond field, with the result that they have driven down rates to their present point.

"In a great many cities we find the financial interests are not organized to

The Greatest Safeguard

WHEN you are considering the investment of money, the greatest safeguard you can have is your own common sense.

Common sense tells you that there is a definite limit to the earning power of money, and that beyond that limit you are groping in perilous uncertainty.

Our Safeguarded First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital are common sense investments. The interest return is the highest consistent with the standards of safety back of our record:

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 49 YEARS

Write today for Booklet D-7

The F. H. SMITH COMPANY
Founded 1873
WASHINGTON, D. C.
First Mortgage Investments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You plan your new home with the help of a good architect. His experienced judgment translates your ideas into a house that fits your requirements and your purse.

Advice in planning your bond investments

TO turn money into bonds that most exactly meet your present and future requirements calls for the counsel of technically trained advisors.

With the help of The National City Company's specialized information and experienced advice, investors throughout the country are building their well-planned financial future step by step—bond by bond.

We invite you to come to any of our offices to make the personal acquaintance of our local representative—a useful man to know.

He will gladly talk with you about your financial structure and will, if you wish, put before you our list of well-secured bonds from which your choice may be made.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY · NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING · NEW YORK

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

handle first mortgages and first-mortgage bonds and have not made the effort to educate the people to investment in this class of security.

"We feel that this condition largely accounts for the fact that interest rates in such towns are considerably higher than in cities like Chicago and New York, even though the security may be just as good."

From the Northwest we received this:

"The present prevailing rate on small loans in the Pacific Northwest at this time is 7 per cent. While it is true that some agencies are advertising 6 per cent money for choice home loans, close examination reveals the fact that there are always conditions attached to them, such as life insurance requirements and other conditions that really equalize the rate to about 7 per cent. This rate is subject to an increase up to 8 per cent, according to location.

"That is to say, the better neighborhood and surroundings in close proximity to the best section of the city command lower rates than property otherwise as desirable but in the outlying sections of the city or its environs. The maximum is 8 per cent, the scale running from 7 per cent to 8 per cent, depending upon location, etc.

"Your question as to how these rates are fixed is probably answered in the above, with the exception that your question may go to the reason for the base rate, which is as above stated, 7 per cent. The foregoing gives you my reason for the sliding scale from that up. I do not know that I can successfully answer the question as to what fixes the base rate of 7 per cent. It has been recognized as the normal base rate for loans in this class for a good many years, and rates here have always been normally higher than Eastern mortgage rates.

"The fact that the base rate is higher than Eastern rates is, I think, very easily explained by the well-recognized fact that it is a newer country, far removed from the large financial centers, and naturally and normally requires a higher rate to attract money. This is becoming more equalized, however, as the old rates for safe loans in years gone by were as high as 12 per cent. I have not attempted to discuss rates during the war and for the last two years up until about six months ago, as they were abnormally high and fluctuating."

A New York City concern wrote us as follows:

"At the present time we are loaning money at 6 and 6½ per cent. In New York it is increasingly difficult and almost impossible, in fact, to get really good loans at 6½ per cent. We closed one loan on an apartment-house last week at 6 per cent, and I am inclosing a circular.

"Outside of New York we still negotiate on a 6½ per cent basis. It is probable, however, that before long we will be back to 6 per cent everywhere, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is steadily increasing difficulty in getting 6½ per cent for our customers on really sound and meritorious building projects.

"You ask how these rates are fixed. They are fixed simply by the law of supply and demand. When we could get 7 per cent for our customers with safety we got it. As more money became available interest rates naturally declined and we had to lower our rate to 6½ per cent, because it was only for a comparatively short time when rates in general were high that borrowers having really good loans were willing to pay the 7 per cent rate. Now, as I have stated above, we are contemplating a further reduction of the rate in order to be able to continue to supply our customers with good loans."

The following statement came from our correspondent in the South:

"The question is sometimes asked by persons living in other sections than the South, 'Why do Southern investments offer a higher rate of interest than do exactly similar investments in other parts of the country?' The reason is simple, and so obvious to those who live and do business in the South that they never question it. Briefly stated it is as follows:

"First, the South is in the midst of a period of great industrial and commercial expansion, which makes necessary an extensive programme of building.

"Second, the liquid capital of the South is not sufficient to finance these improvements; outside money must be brought in.

"Third, the resultant demand for funds to carry on legitimate development is so great as to swamp most of the ordinary agencies for supplying this money.

"Fourth, the great investing public has not yet had time to become thoroughly awakened to the situation in the South and the splendid opportunity it offers them.

"Actual construction contracts awarded in the sixteen Southern States in 1921 amounted to $400,000,000. Preliminary announcements of building projects during the year involved nearly $1,000,000,000. In many of the cities half of the total valuation of permits issued was for dwellings, apartment structures, and hotels. In the last quarter of 1921 construction contracts amounted to $110,171,489, and projects initially announced to $241,773,777. This indicates that 1922 will witness more building activity even than 1921, which surpassed all previous records in volume.

"Authorities agree that the period of greater expansion thus begun will continue for many years—probably for the next half-century. This means that money in large sums must be brought into the South from all sections of the United States for a long time to come.

"From this condition results the attractive legal rate of interest paid in the South—a rate which is on the average 1 per cent more than is paid in fully developed sections."

These letters give the prevailing rates. Boiled down, the answer to the question as to how the rates are fixed would seem to be contained in three words—supply and demand. The rate depends upon the supply of money and the demand for it. The general rule that the higher the yield, the lower the degree of safety, apparently does not apply as forcibly to this class of investments as to bonds and stocks generally. But there is one extremely important rule to be observed in buying real estate mortgage bonds, and that is, be sure about the standing and reliability of the house with which you deal.

Six Types of Investors
Which Group Are You In?

NO matter in which group you find yourself there is now an investment plan that helps you to save, protects your savings, and pays as liberal a yield as is consistent with this safety—up to 7%.

There is but one fundamental upon which the safety of your investment depends—the integrity of your investment house. This requirement is well met by George M. Forman & Co., who from a 37 year association with sound investments, with attractive yields, have prepared a plan for you. Mail the appended coupon for the booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds."

The Experienced Investor

The man, who as trustee or executor of an estate, or as investment official for a corporation, or who is seeking sound investments for his own funds, desires a non-fluctuating, non-speculative investment with as high an interest rate as absolute safety will permit. If you are in this group let us tell you about an investment field in which your funds will yield a steady and attractive income, ranging as high as 7%.

The Man Who Spends All

To the man who finds it extremely difficult to save it is especially important that a way be found that not only encourages him to make saving a habit but also assures him of absolute safety. A plan awaits every man or woman in this group.

The Woman Alone

The woman deprived of her husband's protection often has her interest intrigued by questionable investments. The best protection for a woman, upon the safety of whose investments rests the welfare of herself and those dependent upon her, is a connection with a reputable investment banker.

The Savings Depositor

As funds accumulate many savings investors take advantage of the Forman Plan which pays an attractive yield without affecting the safety of their investment.

The Speculative Buyer

The man easily enthused and often misled by the mirage of big, quick profits. Were he to figure his loses on poor investments against an occasional profit he would find that his net income amounted to less than the same investment would have brought in safe securities, such as he can now learn about through the plan of George M. Forman & Company.

The Father With Foresight

The man, ambitious for his son or daughter, thoughtful of his family's future and protection. George M. Forman & Company's plan safeguards the interests of family and children against any emergency.

THE PLAN FOR YOU

A special service awaits you, regardless of which type of investor you may be. Tell us your investment problem and let us send you our interesting booklet.

George M. Forman & Co.
Dept. 611,
105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds," and tell me about your plan for turning my funds into safe investment at attractive yield.

Name.....

Address.....

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Dept. 611—105 West Monroe Street, Chicago

"Thirty-Seven Years Without Loss to a Customer"

Starting a Company?

Save expenses and taxes by organizing on the popular COMMON LAW plan under a pure DECLARATION OF TRUST. No experience required to fill in DEMAREE STANDARD FORMS, issue shares and begin doing business at once. Genuine DEMAREE FORMS are nationally known, approved by attorneys and utilized by successful concerns throughout the United States. Send for large, free pamphlet (D-19) containing valuable information that you may need.

C. S. DEMAREE, legal blank publisher,
708 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

THE BEST IN TRAVEL

Raymond-Whitcomb Cruises

Mediterranean

2 months of Winter Cruising through Summer Seas. Sailing from New York, Feb. 10, on S. S. "Rotterdam." Write for Booklet.

South America Including West Indies

45 days—New York to New York. A brilliant holiday, a diversified Short Cruise including West Indies and the Brazilian Centennial. Sailing Feb. 3, on S.S. "Reliance." Write for Booklet.

Round-the-World

Sailing Jan. 9 and 16, on S. S. "Resolute" and S.S. "Volendam." 125 days of highly enjoyable, expertly planned travel. Write for Booklet, rates, and ships' plans.

Raymond-Whitcomb Tours

Mexico—For the first time in 12 years this big field of foreign travel in America is open. Booklet and complete information on request.

California - Hawaii — The Raymond - Whitcomb California and Hawaii Tours embrace *this year* new features particularly attractive to discriminating travelers.

Europe—Special Tours to the Winter Resorts of Europe. Booklet on request.

South America—Comprehensive Tours to the "Continent of Surprises." These Tours feature the salient attractions in the "other America."

Japan-China—The ideal year to visit these individual countries. Tours from 2 to 4 months. Booklet sent on request.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
22½ Beacon Street, Boston

THE BEST IN TRAVEL

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

EGYPT

and Mediterranean Lands

Nile Cruise to **Second Cataract** in private steamer. **Long Tour** sails **January 6** by **ADRIATIC.**

Also

Later sailings and shorter tours.

Write for information to

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street, Newton, Mass.

Tours and Travel

Egypt, Palestine

Large steamers throughout. Small groups, personally conducted.
Sailings Jan. 17, $2125—Feb. 10, $1870—Feb. 24, $1335.

EUROPE 1923
Limited parties enrolling now.

TEMPLE TOURS 65-A-Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

FOREIGN TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
January 17—June 29
Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London, Edinburgh. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art, music and history. Write for prospectus to
Miss HELEN UFFORD, Director,
Park Avenue Hotel, cor. Park Ave. and 32d St., New York City, or to
Mr. L. V. ARNOLD, Sec'y and Treas.,
350 Madison Ave., Suite 1306, New York City.

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

CONNECTICUT

Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A. Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Webster

(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

All-Year-Round Home

For sale, in the foothills of the Berkshires,
Washington, Conn.
a country place of about 8 acres, situated in the midst of charming scenery. Colonial house of 14 rooms, 6 open fireplaces, steam heat, 3 bathrooms; stable with living quarters, 2-car garage, chicken house and yards, ice house, flower and vegetable gardens; never-failing water supply from individual spring. Waring sewage disposal system. Admirable church and school advantages and golf. Fine town library. An all-year-round home of charm and comfort. On Litchfield branch of N. Y. & N. H. R. R., 28 miles from Danbury by motor, 40 miles from New Haven. For further information address
8,281, Outlook.

FLORIDA

For Sale or Rent in Florida

Modern home, 8 rooms, bath, garage, dock, boathouse, sleeping-porches upstairs and down (small 3-room cottage with bath, for help, rented now), also 2½ acres land, all in grove, beautiful tropical shrubbery, 112 feet water frontage on Indian River. Cottages, completely furnished, ready now. Write
BLAIR, COCOA, FLA., Box M.
Will sell about half cost, or rent $600 season.

Rent, Furnished near **Palm Beach,** bungalow camp on St. Lucie River. $200 month, 2 months or more. 3 bedrooms, electric light, fruit; motor boat extra. Wm. A. Selser, Jenkintown, Pa.

Furnished **Florida** home. Bargain if sold by January. 5-room modern bungalow; 160 feet of porches. College and academy in town. Large lot, faces park; 3 bearing orange trees; deep oak shade. Box 7, San Antonio, Fla.

Sorrento, Fla. Attractive country home, all modern conveniences, two bathrooms, sleeping porch. Ideal location. Fine spring water. For quick sale. $10,000. Address owner, Box 94, City Point, Fla.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE Unusual opportunity—long and well-established fully equipped tea-room. Splendid opportunity for two friends. Address 7,947, Outlook.

NORTH CAROLINA

For Rent, season of '22-'23, Furnished Cottage. 6 rooms, screened and open porches. Central, in tourist town of the **Carolina sandhills,** 7 miles from Pinehurst. Terms attractive. 8,285, Outlook.

SOUTH CAROLINA

For Sale in Camden, S. C. Large mansion house with four acres of beautiful improved grounds, located in most desirable part of Camden, near golf links. Suitable for private home, school, or hotel. Address Henry Savage, Camden, S. C.

Country Board

Paying Guests Received Lovely, cheerful, first floor room with sleeping alcove. Suitable for two ladies or couple. Good home cooking. 1½ hours from New York. 8,307, Outlook.

Health Resorts

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Ov 26 years of successful work. Thorough, r liable, dependable and ethical. Every co fort and convenience. Accommodations superior quality. Disorder of the nervous sy tem a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Friendly Tucson bids you *come*

Glorious outdoor life all the sunny winter awaits you in Tucson, garden city of Arizona.

Golf, motoring, horseback-riding, hunting, polo, interesting old missions, colorful Indian life, or just luxurious, lazy enjoyment of the invigorating sunshine—for rest, play, and physical upbuilding there is no finer city.

Little Rain—Dry Air

Half a mile above sea-level, Tucson lies on a level mesa encompassed by gorgeously colored, lofty peaks. Rainfall is slight. No fogs. The air is dry and crisp. From October to May the mean monthly temperature never exceeds 72° or falls below 49°.

Reduced Fares

Friendly Tucson, with its 25,000 hospitable people, bids you COME. Main-line Pullmans via Rock Island or Southern Pacific will now bring you at reduced fares.

A modest income will command every pleasure and care. New experiences, new energy, and vibrant health can be found here. The illustrated booklet, "Man-Building," will tell more of life in Tucson. Just mail the coupon.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

TUCSON SUNSHINE-CLIMATE CLUB,
151 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.

Please send me your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine Climate."

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE SUNNY MEDITERRANEAN
On the Cunard's Blue Ribbon Ship of the Atlantic
"MAURETANIA"
The Luxury Cruise This Winter
A notable event in Cruising History From New York, Feb. 10, 1923. $950up—write for details.
American Express Travel Dept.
65 Broadway
New York
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 22, 1923
ROUND THE WORLD
"EMPRESS of FRANCE" 18481 Gross TONS
4 MONTHS CRUISE, $1000 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
Clark Originated Round the World Cruises
Clark's 19th Cruise, February 3, 1923
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
"EMPRESS of SCOTLAND" 25000 Gross Tons
65 DAYS CRUISE, $600 and up
Frank C. Clark, 401 Times Building, New York

YOUR WANTS in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address
Department of Classified Advertising
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Leading Hotels—
NEW YORK AND BOSTON

THE COPLEY-PLAZA
COPLEY SQUARE
BOSTON

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE at CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK

FRED STERRY.
EDWARD C. FOGG.
MANAGING DIRECTORS.

Two hotels that enjoy world-wide fame for their luxurious appointments, charming surroundings and most excellent cuisine

We shall be pleased to send illustrated booklet upon request

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

BOARD AND ROOMS

FOR one or two business women, large sunny room, large closet, with or without board. In private family in delightful near-by suburb which offers many advantages and active community life. Rates moderate. References. 2,951, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

GREETING CARDS

COPLEY CRAFT HAND-COLORED CHRISTMAS CARDS will be sent on ten days' approval. The Line is best known for its distinctive verses. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

GREETING CARDS

UNIQUE Christmas cards, ten and fifteen cents. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

DIETITIANS, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence, R. I. Box 5 East Side. Boston Office, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. We sell hundreds of boxes for Christmas gifts. Please order early. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¼x7) and 75 envelopes, printed, $2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

FOR $1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond notepaper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. Good paper and first-class work. Samples stamp. M. C. Harp, Lansingburg, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

COUNCILOR, Protestant, with following, boys' summer camp, Maine. 2,905, Outlook.

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—College professors with experience in European travel to conduct high-grade parties during the spring, summer, or winter. 8,306, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 283, or P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RELIABLE, refined, Protestant lady to take care of three children and home twenty miles from New York. 2,961, Outlook.

WANTED—Resident or non-resident housekeeper. Intelligent, refined woman to take entire care of lady's apartment of six sunny rooms at moderate salary. Requirements: Protestant, under forty, fine but light cooking. A happy home in lovely surroundings for the right person. 2,964, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined Protestant young woman to care for child four years old during the day. Brooklyn Heights. 2,969, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

MAN or woman to head department of education in Southern college for women, work beginning November 15. Woman to teach high school French. College graduates; fine salaries. The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Young nursery governess for little girl of four. New York in winter. 2,942, Outlook.

WANTED, in New York City, a college graduate, with some experience in teaching, for four hours every afternoon to supervise school work of girl of 14 or teach if absent, also to go out with her for lessons, recreation, etc. State age, experience, references, and salary expected. 2,955, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess and mother's helper. Protestant. Country home, two children. Phonetic system kindergarten. Young, cheerful disposition. References. Salary $50. 2,967, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE, practical, refined, reliable, desires care of invalid, matron institution or nursing. Any executive position. 2,960, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, active, middle-aged widow wishes position as companion and assistant or managing housekeeper where maid is kept. Would travel. References exchanged. 2,962, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as companion, housekeeper, or housemother. Some institutional experience. 2,963, Outlook.

EDUCATED woman, Christian, used to responsibility, understanding requirements of refined home, to take supervising charge of house. References. 2,958, Outlook.

COMPANION to lady, capable, educated, mother's assistant. Good all around sewer. Protestant. 2,957, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, highly cultured, widely traveled, would act as traveling companion for expenses. References. 2,956, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED man will care for elderly or invalid gentleman. References. Box 257, Hugoton, Kansas.

ENGLISH college graduate, 25, bright, cheerful companion, to refined lady or gentleman; also knowledge of housekeeping and nursing; would travel. References and interview. 2,947, Outlook.

INFANT'S nurse, English, best references. Address Nurse, 336 West 55th St., New York.

WANTED, by a gentlewoman, a position of trust in home, institution, or field work. Valuable experience in housekeeping and social service work. Highest references. 2,953, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TRAINED woman desires to tutor in New York City. Psychology, literature, Latin, mathematics, history. Day or evening. Address 2,950, Outlook.

ASSISTANT in children's institution or private school. Protestant, 25, education, adaptability, story-telling and kindergarten experience. 2,959, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROFESSIONAL nurse owning luxurious home would like elderly couples or persons as guests or patients. Address 2,948, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

EXCELLENT private home and nursing for limited number tubercular patients. Special diets. Address 2,949, Outlook.

WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

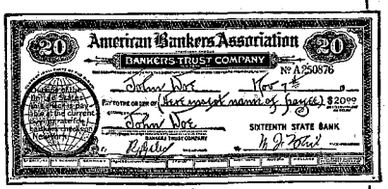
CAPABLE young woman out of city desires manuscripts to typewrite at 25 cents per typed page, paying return registry and postage. Price includes one carbon copy. 2,966, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMFORTABLE---

---because they remove the dangers of loss and assure immediate funds---

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques FOR TRAVELERS



Ask for them at your bank or write for particulars to

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

New York City

FACTS

About A-B-A Cheques

—universally used by travelers in every land.

—your counter-signature in presence of acceptor identifies you.

—safe to have on the person because they can not be used until they have been countersigned by the original holder.

—safer than money, and frequently more convenient than Letters of Credit because the bearer is less dependent on banking hours.

—issued by banks everywhere in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100.

—compact, easy to carry, handy to use.

BY THE WAY

"We all have our little tricks in speech or in writing," says Philip Hale in the Boston "Herald." "Jones will never forsake 'however;' Brown has sworn fidelity to 'nevertheless;' Robinson begins every other sentence in a speech, stump or after-dinner, with 'Now.' The word 'angle' is often overworked. 'From this angle it seems.' There was a time when 'it bulked' was used *ad nauseam*. 'It is a far cry' is another overworked phrase." "What's the big idea?" "The right slant," "Good eats," "intrigued," "You said it," are other bromidian expressions that are likely soon to go to the melting pot.

"Tom Sawyer" was not completed all at once. Mark Twain had to stop when he was half through and wait two years before he knew how to finish the story. "At page 400 of my manuscript," he says in a chapter of his hitherto unpublished "Autobiography" in "Harper's Magazine," "the story made a sudden and determined halt and refused to proceed another step. . . . The reason was very simple—my tank had run dry." After a couple of years he took it up again. "It was then that I made the great discovery that when the tank runs dry you've only to leave it alone and it will fill up again, in time, while you are asleep. . . . There was plenty of material now, and the book went on and finished itself without any trouble."

"During a recent visit to the Tower of London," a subscriber writes, "while in the armory, we saw a mace that bore the inscription, 'Borne before Charles II.' 'Born before Charles the Second!' another visitor said; 'how could that be?'"

"The story told by Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, and quoted lately in your column, was told to me in the summer of 1857 by the Rev. James R. Bourne." So begins a letter from a subscriber, and makes us feel blue at having inadvertently worked off another old chestnut on our much-enduring readers. But this reassuring sentence follows: "I have never heard it since except perhaps two or three times when I told it myself, nor have I ever seen it in print before." Apropos of another subject, our friendly critic continues: "Rather curiously, the next year at school I studied Gillespie's Surveying, and he describes a method of mapping which Mr. Kennan describes as being used by Alexander Graham Bell."

Only two men have succeeded in swimming across the English Channel—Captain Webb and William T. Burgess. An American recently tried and failed. Luck seems a factor that decides success or failure in this feat, for if the shifting winds and tides prove unfavorable the attempt is foredoomed to failure. Webb swam the Channel in 1875, in 21 hours 45 mintes. Burgess accomplished the feat thirty-six years later, in 22 hours 35 minutes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED